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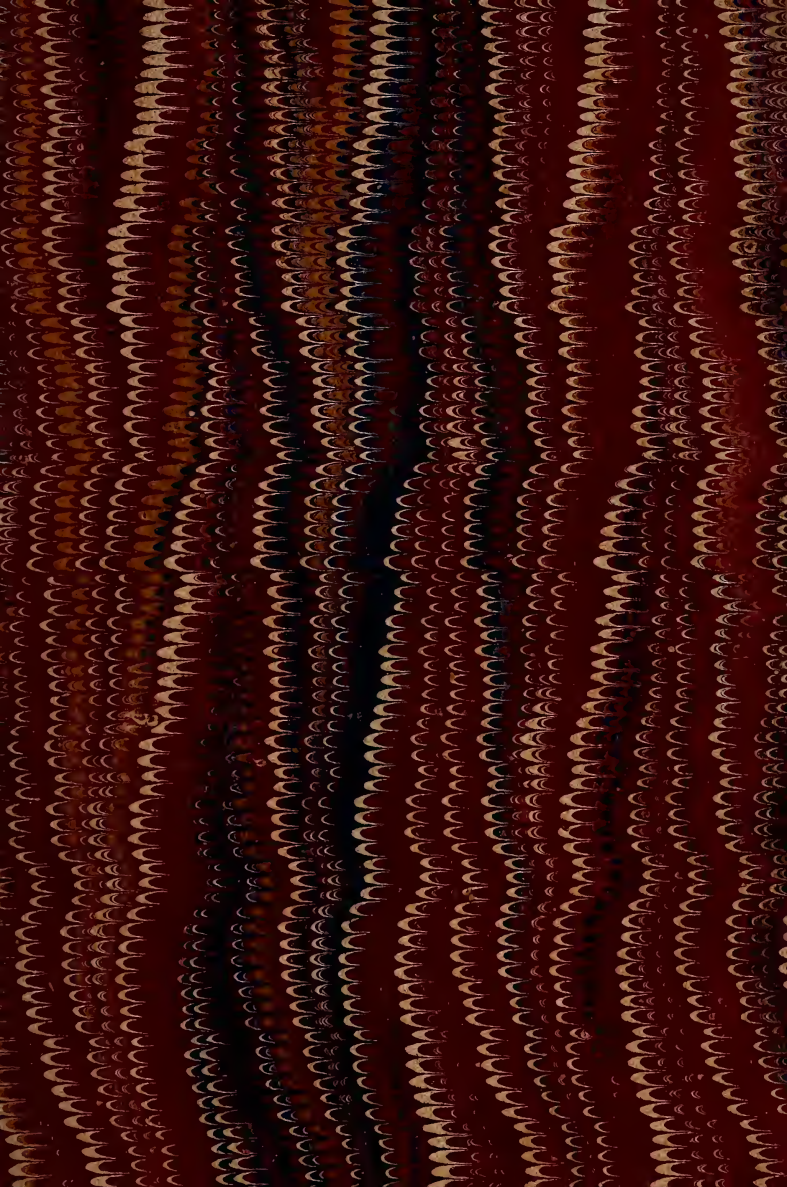
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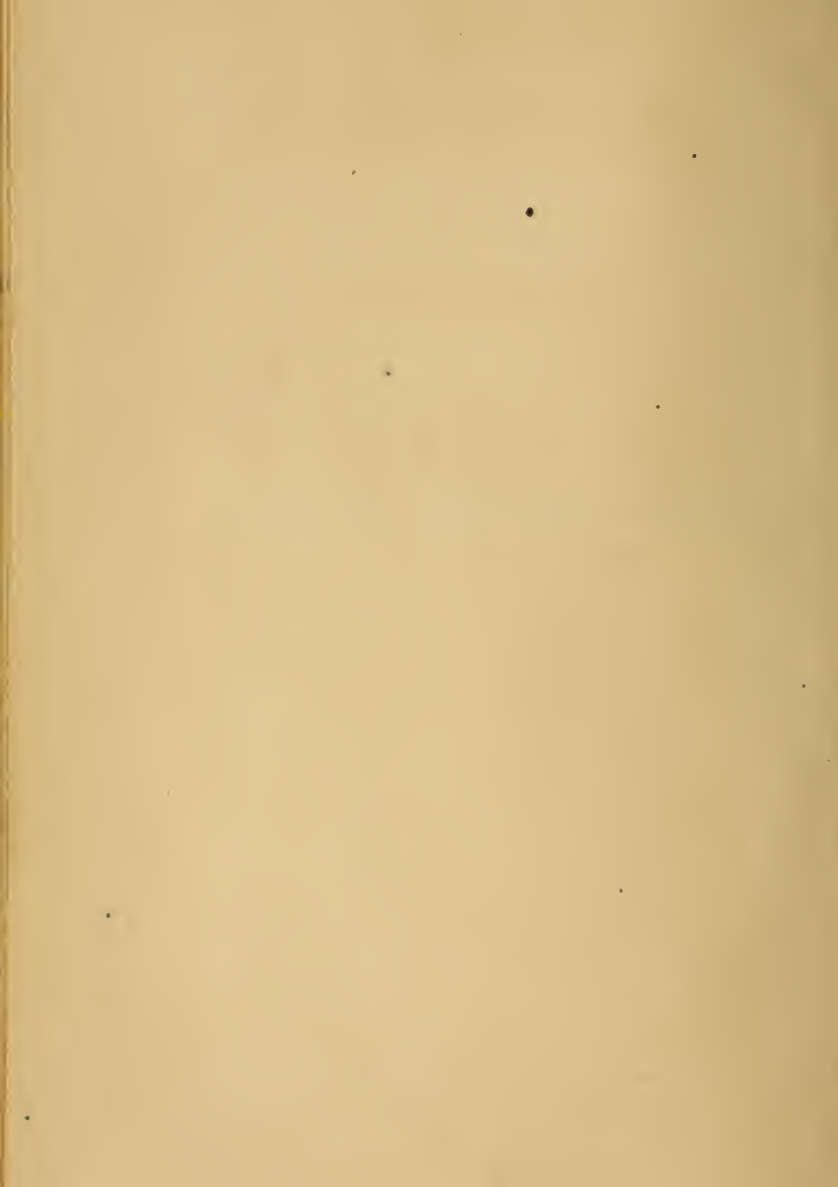
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MEMOIRS OF A LIFE.



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MEMOIRS
"
OF A LIFE.



LONDON:
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"AT FIRST THE INFANT"—



MEMOIRS OF A LIFE.



MEN, AND WOMEN,—for this Book is wrote, as for other souls, so also for souls feminine; as souls feminine, in good Master Holofernes his phrase, sure there be, anything in this, that, or the other, philosopher or prophet, contained to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding:—I hope that is a good legal phrase; I have been at pains to make it so, having, to that end, borrowed of my sometime school-fellow and always friend, Mr. John Doe, who is “in the Law,” divers, to wit two, Law Books.—Not many, sir, was it? Or, if it like you more, were they. No; on the contrary, few,

The Author
 prologuiseeth,
 after the
 manner, with
 a difference,
 of other pro-
 loguisers, his
 successors
 gone before
 him.

A man of
 law.
 A Law Li-
 brary.

very few. And not far between they stood upon the shelf, but cheek by jowl; not thinly scattered to make up a show. And evil, too, as Mr. Doe would say; few and evil, like the days of the years of the Patriarch's life; albeit the days of the years of his pilgrimage had been then, when so he said of them, an hundred and thirty years. At least so it is put upon us there where the story of the Patriarch is wrote; to wit, in the Book called or known as the Book of Genesis. But the Book of Genesis, as who knows anything of the Book of Genesis and does not know? is one, the first, of five Books which together make up and form what is called or known as the Pentateuch. And the Pentateuch, as again who does not know that knows anything of the Pentateuch? has in these last days been critically examined, by forsooth, a great arithmetician, one John

A great
arithmeti-
cian.

William Colenso, a Divine ; a Bishop almost damned in a far see ; who has been sending his discoverers forth to know the numbers of the Pentateuch. Well, he may go his way for this time ;—when I have a convenient season, I will send for him ;—forasmuch as he does not, or I wrong him, deny or doubt this number of the days of the years of the Patriarch's life. And, by consequence, you may, if you list, receive it for true and believe it, without fear of this counter-caster ; and I will get back to Mr. Doe.

A happy few he thought them in after days, those two books, and so would call them when he had become a man of a thousand books and one, and would fain have burnt them, or drowned them deeper than ever plummet sounded. Twice and once ere now, yea many a time and oft, I have heard Mr. Doe wish that Heaven had made the Man of Law to be not

A man of
1001 books.

A man of
one book.

In the King's
Bench
(Walks).

An Empire
without a
sunset.

only almost but altogether such an one as it has made a "person" to be in this respect; to wit, *homo unius libri*, a man of one book. But there be fools alive, I wis, he would conclude with saying, and wishers were ever fools.—Moreover, Mr. Doe spent a long hour by the Temple Clock,—for he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks:—Alas! and woe is me! I must change that *s* into *d*, and write "had" in place of "has." Mr. Doe had chambers in the King's Bench Walk, but has them there no longer. Instead thereof, he is now administering Justice,—or Law,—in some part of that empire upon which the sun never sets, they say; and I only am left alone of those who wont to meet from time to time in the chambers Mr. Doe had once in the King's Bench Walk, to tell that he is far from the land he loved so well.

I said, Mr. Doe is administering

Justice, or Law. And it strikes me <sup>Justice v.
Law.</sup> you may like not the phrase, for that it seems to make a difference betwixt Law and Justice. Seems, Madam; nay, it does! And is there not an excellent difference betwixt them? And albeit all Justice may be Law,—I say not, I, that so it is,—yet who is he will deny that not all Law is Justice? If any, speak, for him have I offended. One, as I remember,—a Lord Chief Justice, too, of England, <sup>A Lord Chief
Justice.</sup> he,—spoke once in his place in England's Parliament,—for he was one of the brave peers of England,—at least so I read in the “ordinary channels of information,”—of when he was engaged in the administration of Justice. As who, Mr. Doe remarked, would all distinguishment leave out 'twixt it and Law. But then he was,—a Lord Chief Justice of England. And that in the Captain's but a cholerick word, you know, which in the soldier is

His yoke-fellow.

flat blasphemy. And one other, not a Lord Chief Justice he, albeit a yoke-fellow of that same Lord Chief Justice, told once, if report lie not, one who came a suitor to his Court, and asked for that the Court might not allow, that he might as well come there and ask for Justice! Which now of these two, thinkest thou, these yoke-fellows of Justice, was the better Judge in that as touching which they differed thus, or seem thus to have differed? For it may be that they differed but in seeming, and that, bring them together,—Well, they are gone, both of them, there where go all, alike they who judge here, and they who here are judged.

A witty fellow.

A marvellous witty fellow was that same Lord Chief Justice of England. While as yet he was not England's Lord Chief Justice, he wrote,—there were who said he did *not* write, but took,—Master John Sheppard would

object to any harder word,—from those who did, the Lives of England's Chancellors. Himself, as who does not know? after, at fourscore years of age or thereabouts,—too late a week, some thought,—became Chancellor of England. Other Lives among, he wrote, be sure, the Life of Lord Chancellor Bacon. Poor Bacon! Others have been at him, how many! besides this Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor, his double-first successor. Well, in the Life which he wrote, this Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor, of his great foregoer, he tells that “it is with great pain that he has found himself obliged to take an impartial view of his character and conduct.” Aye, sir, they are his words: you may read them at the eighth line of the one hundred and forty-fourth page of the third volume of ‘Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal

An impartial one.

of England, from the earliest times to the reign of King George IV. By John Lord Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Fourth Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1857.'

A Biographer's duties.

As if impartiality were not the first duty of a biographer; and impartiality his second duty; and his third duty also impartiality. And is it still "the truth that, rich as we are in biography, a well-written Life is almost as rare as a well-spent one?" And that "in our England especially, Life writing has dwindled to the sorrowfullest condition? And it requires a man to be some disresponsible, ridiculous Boswell before he can write a tolerable Life?" Which, if it be so, it may perhaps account for what we so read as above in this same Life of Bacon. For, so far from being disresponsible or ridiculous, John Lord Campbell was in his day and generation a great-grown gentle-

A great-grown gentleman.

man, and wise as any child of light. From being "plain John Campbell," he became Attorney General of England, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord High Chancellor of England, LL.D., F.R.S.E. (I stand not on the order of his becoming), as well as biographer of Bacon, and else-what that I know not. What else he might have become, but that not even he could last ever, who may say? But, pull away, my old friend, for at last there's an end of John Lord Campbell.

I said, Mr. Doe spent an hour by the Temple Clock, in what he was pleased to call "settling the phrase" with me. Well do I remember the day, or, that I lie not, the evening, when he did so. He had taken his *tertium quid*, as he wont to call his third cigar, his custom always of an evening, and, taking his ease in his easy chair—of the which he was not

Harking
back

A Logician,
and his cus-
tom.

An easy
death.

afraid to die, albeit knowing that one was recorded to have died of an easy chair—and two bottles of port a day; to wit, Ockley, of the Saracens, Saracenic;—hè (Mr. Doe, you understand), discoursing free in friendly chat, now talkt of this, and then of that. And what I then heard to my good use I remembered. From grave to gay the conversation ranged, from lively to severe. Among the gay and lively, I remember how he told me,—à *propos* of those two books he lent me; how that they were all the books he had then, when he lent me them; all the Law Books, that is, to wit; he lent me all, he said, he could no more. I remember, I say, how he told me of a certain Counsel learned in the Law, what he did when he found that a certain Attorney had no gold wherewith to pay the fee on a certain brief he handed to Mr. Counsel. How that,

A little tale
of a coun-
sellor and an
attorney.

in this stress of gold, Mr. Counsel took silver of Mr. Attorney. And being after called to account therefor by other Counsellors his fellows, for that, in so doing, he had acted unprofessionally, "I did," said Mr. Counsel, confessing and avoiding,—Mr. Doe tells me that is the proper phrase in that case made and provided,—“I did take silver of the man; I may not deny it. But I took all he had; and I hope,” he added, “you don’t call that acting unprofessionally.” Mr. Doe, I say, settled the phrase with me.—If you are not impatient of your tarriance, tarry, I pray you, yet awhile with me while I tell you of a pleasantry of Mr. Doe’s own, wherewith he pleasant me on the occasion in hand. “It was written,” he said, “in one of those books of his, *Nulla dies sine lineâ*; An old reading. No day without its line. The meaning of which,” said he, “is àpparent,—

laying the accent on the first syllable of the word, and shortening the second, on the authority, he said, of his shoemaker,—to all. And a very good motto for a student, Mr. Doe thought it, whether law student or other. “And when I was a student,” he added, “I acted on it. But now,” he continued, “that I am a student no longer—a student, that is, technically so-called—I prefer the reading

A new one. *Nulla dies sine guineâ.*” And I remember then and there devoutly wishing that—Mr. Doe might get it.—For I indeed found not the phrase in the books I borrowed, or either of them. How might I find it there if there it were not? And that it was not there is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake (almost). And did not Mr. Doe his own self afterwards tell me how that you never do find what you want in the books?

which if it be so—and Mr. Doe is an honourable man—how shall they not be thankful who have not to consult these books, and how not pity those who have? So Mr. Doe settled the phrase with me. And when I would have settled with Mr. Doe for settling the phrase, according to that which I minded to have heard said by himself, amongst others, how that a Counsellor's opinion is nothing worth for the which nothing is given,—or, as others have it, a Counsellor's opinion is worth just what is given for it,—Mr. Doe was simple enough, as mayhap you may think, sir, his pleasantry notwithstanding, to decline any other fee than what I could not but myself think the simple fee of my thanks. Nay, more, Mr. Doe said that any other fee which he should take of me, having regard to the consonancy of our youth and our

A fee simple

ever preserved love, he should look
A base fee. upon and consider as a base fee.
And with this professional pleasantry,
—albeit the jest had no prosperity
with me until that Mr. Doe had
explained it to me, or, as he said,
heaping jest upon jest, made me
tenant in common of it with himself,
Whether women have souls. Mr. Doe settled the matter—and
me:—Souls feminine, I say, sure
there be, philosopher or prophet
notwithstanding. Nay, one of the
A Cerberean philosopher. philosopher tribe affirmeth,—a philo-
sopher of Life, Language, and His-
tory,—that the prophet who said
that women have no souls proved
A false prophet. himself thereby a false prophet; “for-
asmuch as that,” saith he (the philo-
sopher, you understand, not the
prophet), “of the several faculties
or aspects of human consciousness,
soul appears to be most pre-eminent
in the mental constitution of women.”
And of this opining,—that women,

I mean, have souls,—would seem to have been also that other philosopher,—a grave one he, and eke a gay, A grave philosopher.—who, to the question of Denmark's prince asking at him, who was to be buried in that grave which he did dig, made answer, "One, that was a woman; but, rest her soul, she's dead." For, as you see at a glance, Madam, that invocation,—and a sweet invocation it was and fair,—so of that philosopher interposed'twixt what had been and what then was, had been a very work of supererogation, *quoad* himself, and *quoad* the prince, nothing better than calling fools into a circle, but that he (the philosopher, you understand again), had been of those who hold that women have souls. And even though he might also seem, that grave philosopher, and were to be taken, by that his answer, to have put himself in the category of those who held that other tenet, which, as

An Augustin
Trio. saith Augustine,—not your Augustin,
 Miss; nor Augustin the prophet of
 England; but Augustin, erst of the
 City of Carthage, after of the ‘City
 of God,’—divers in his day held, as
 to the form in which women should
 appear in the general resurrection at
 the last day; grounding themselves
 therein on what they found written
 by such an one as Paul the aged to
 them of Ephesus; to wit, that in the
 general resurrection at the last day
 women should rise, women no longer,
A Bishop in
error. but perfect men;—and a Bishop of
 old time is chronicled to have been
 convinced that he was in error when
 he maintained that *mulierem hominem*
non posse vocitari; a woman cannot
 possibly be said to be a man:—
A medl(ey)-
ing Philoso-
pher. Howbeit, a third philosopher, one
 who philosophises in the golden
 cadence of poesy, whether he sings
 a medley now, or now an idyll, holds
 that “Woman is not undevelopd

man :” It likes him more to call her
 “lesser man :”—Even so, I say, must
 he none the less be taken, our grave
 philosopher, to have held this tenet
 whereof I now affirm. For that,
 when they shall have ceased to be
 women, according to the hypothesis,
 and shall have become perfected into
 men, thereupon, in that same hour,
 women shall have souls, though souls
 they might not have had before,
 whiles they were yet women, meseems
 to be a postulate in the argument, a
 very part of the hypothesis. Foras-
 much as, that men have souls, is, as
 who saith,—the Oxford divines will
 shew you more—“*quod semper, quod* *Textus ab*
ubique, quod ab omnibus, receptum *omnibus*
est ;” a somewhat that hath been *receptus.*
 ever, everywhere, and of every one
 recepted ; ay, not excepting even
 that Cunning-ham, who, in years gone
 by,—his voice, alas ! it now is mute ! A cunning
 —would fain have persuaded others, one.

A world
without
souls.

whether or not himself believed, that he had found, and in this present, he said not women, but indeed a "World without souls!" And if a World, then, by consequence, not alone women, but also men. But now, if, upon ceasing to be women, and becoming perfected into men, women have souls, what souls, I pray you, should they then have, if not those souls which they had, being yet women?

An 'Ancient'
Philosopher.

Again, a fourth philosopher, an "Ancient" he, speaks of "good name in man and woman being the immediate jewel of their souls;" the souls, that is to wit, of men, and women:—Souls feminine, I say, sure there be:—Indeed a fifth philosopher, a Life-writer he, like unto me, after mention made of "*l'opinion de plusieurs grands philosophes, qui asseurent toutes les âmes égales, et autant belles et parfaites, l'une que l'autre;*" the

A French
philosopher.

opinion of divers great philosophers, who assert that all souls are equal, and all equally handsome and perfect, one with another; makes clean assumpt of the question whether women have souls, and leaves only that other question alone in doubt; to wit, whether all souls are equal; whether “*l’âme d’un jeune enfant, d’un sot, d’un fat, d’un beste, d’un meschant, pust estre aussi belle, pure, et nette, accomplie et parfaite, comme d’un sage, d’un habile, d’un honneste, d’un vertueux et homme de bien; et non plus l’âme d’une dame laide, maussade, sotte et beste, pust se comparer à celle d’une belle, honneste, et*” Done into English. Whether the soul of a young infant, of a sot, of an idiot, of a blockhead, of a villain, can be as handsome, pure, and clean, accomplisht and perfect as the soul of a wise, skilful, honourable, and virtuous gentleman; any more than

the soul of an ugly, unmannerly, sottish, and brutal woman, can be compared to the soul of a handsome, honourable, and agreeable lady. "*De cela,*" adds the Sieur Brantome, "*il y en a des grands disputes, dont je m'en rapporte aux grands docteurs et philosophes.*" Of that there is great dispute, for the which I put you over to the great doctors and philosophers.

A goose-
cappe philo-
sopher.

Souls feminine, I say, sure there be:—Indeed, a sixth philosopher, philosophising as of this life only, not content that women should, like men, have souls, must needs aver, the Goose-cappe, "that they either *are* men's souls themselves, or the most wittie imitations of them, or prettiest sweet apes of humaine soules, that ever Nature made." Souls feminine, I say, sure there be:—Souls feminine, do I say? Here is a seventh philosopher,—you'll see no more; and yet the eighth appears, one

minded in this matter like the seventh,
 as 't should seem, albeit an Imaginary
 philosopher merely;—here, I say, is
 a seventh philosopher, the greatest,
 he, of German philosophers; if an-
 other German philosopher may be
 judge, the philosopher whom first
 above I spoke of, the philosopher, to
 wit, of Life, Language, and History,—
 here, I say, is a seventh philosopher,
 who had, 'tis said, the genius of an
 Alexander, and for whom the glories
 of an Alexander were reserved; who
 says, “*Mea opinio est, omnia, ut sic
 dicam, plena esse animarum, vel
 analogarum naturarum, et ne bru-
 torum quidem animas interire.*” Or,
 to do what Leibnitz wrote in Latin
 into English, “It is my opinion that
 all things, so to speak, are full of
 souls, or of analogous natures, and
 that not even of brutes do the souls
 perish”:—Nay, even a negro has a
 soul, an't please your honour.—Souls

A German(e)
 philosopher.

A Latin
Story in
English.

feminine, I say, sure there be :—And see that you despise not your own soul, lest the fate should be yours of one who despised his. You know the story? No! Then hear it, as done out of Latin into English. Certain men sat on a time in a tavern, drinking; honest enough looking men outwardly, and, as they grew warm with their wine, they began talking now of this, then of that; and the conversation turned upon what should be after this life ended. “We are most ridiculously deceived,” said one of them, “by our preachers, who tell us that souls live apart from bodies after death.” Thereat as they laughed in chorus there came in a man very tall of stature, and seating himself beside them, called for wine, drank, and asked what they might have been talking about. “About souls,” answered he who had said as above. “If any one will buy mine,

he shall have it cheap, and the price we will spend in drinking together." Whereat they laughed again. Said the stranger, "I am looking for merchandize like that, and am ready to buy. What is your price?" "So much," said the other, with countenance elate. The bargain was struck; the money paid, and they drank it merrily in flowing cups, he who had sold his soul quite indifferent therefor. When evening was coming on, "It is time," said the buyer, "for each of us to return to his own. You, gentlemen, my fellow-tipplers, give me your opinion before we part. If a man buy a horse with a halter round his neck, does not the halter go with the horse by right?" They all assented; and thereupon, without delay, the seller, trembling with horror at the question and its answer, was carried off, body and soul, in the sight of them all, and—— See, I say,

that you despise not your own soul.

A triad. It is one of the few things, only three, that you have; and I, and all of us. To wit, a small portion of goods, a poor carcase, and your own soul. Souls feminine, I say, sure there be. Else, how should they come into that place of purgatory, and there make "supplicacyon" unto their "swete husbandys," whom they had "lyved wyth," and left behind in this "wrecched world?" as so it is put upon those souls that they do make "supplicacyon" by one, and him no common man, Thomas More by name;—that Thomas More, I mean, who was sometime Chancellor to Henry, of that name the Eighth, of this our England King, Defender of the Faith (Lord warrant us! what Faith?) and so forth; and not that other Moore, hight Thomas, the sweet singer of Erin; albeit in that same matter of purgatory, they were

In Purgatory.

In Chancery.

Fid: Def:

both in a tale, the Law Man and the Man of Song; the Great Thomas One More, and one Moore. More and Thomas Moore the Little.

As, I say, it is put upon those souls that they do make "supplycacyon," beseeching those same "husbandys" to let them have "styll the gay gownys, and gay kyrtles, and mych waste in apparell, ryngys and owchys, In Purgatory. wyth partelettys and pastys, garnished wyth perle, which," say those souls, "ye bestowed uppon us, and put yourselfe to grate coste, and dyd us great harme therewythe, wyth whych prowde pykyng up, both ye toke hurte, and we to, many mo ways then one, though we told you not so than. But now for as mych as that ys passed and cannot be called agayn, we beseech you, syth ye gave them us, let us have them styll; let them hurt none other women, but help to do us good; sell them for our sakys, and send the money hither by masse

Work for a
Mass Priest.

pennys, and by pore men that may pray for our soulys." And as concerning which same place of purgatory, I, for my part, all deference done to such illustrate and learned gentlemen, and to all other of their inclining, as at present advised, am most entirely of the opinion a great while ago profest and given utterance to by whosoever 'twas that cut out that "Work for a Mass Priest," to wit, "That, seeing I read in your books, Sir Papist, that your Pope hath power to empty Purgatory at once, and if the saying of a Mass or Paternoster will empty it, I would know how you can excuse your Pope from unspeakable uncharitableness and hard-heartedness in that he himself saith no more Masses nor Paternosters for Christian souls, nor setteth more of his priests on that work." For, true, though peradventure—you will see anon the reason of that

peradventure—it may be, as a father is told to have on a time endeavoured to console his son withal, who was impatient to be gone out of that horrible place, that he might go ^{In} — farther and fare worse; yet you will please remember that on your theory of the matter the other alternative is alike true. How say you, Sir Papist, by that name if rightly you are called, or whatever other name delights you more? For, albeit a certain ^{A Cardinal saying.} Cardinal, who, a prince of controvertists though he was, was yet wont to say—God bless him therefor!—that an ounce of peace was worth a pound of victory;—though, truth to say, in one of his books he has a passage which, I must confess, I have often with great amazement wondered, with ^{A South one.} him whose words I use, how it could possibly have come from a person of so great a reputation both for learning and virtue too as the world allows

Eh? No:
Yes.

Bellarmino to have been; to wit, “That if the Pope should, through error or mistake”—But do I read aright? Or do I err and mistake? And mine eyes, are they not made the fools o’ the other senses? Fie, there is no such words, it is impossible, sure. Yes, ’tis his words, “error or mistake.” But have I not read of the Pope, have I not heard by tale and history, how that he is infallible? But he that is infallible, how should he fall into “error or mistake?” But let that pass. A mote it is to trouble the mind’s eye,—of a Protestant, that is, to wit; your Eminence, and you all that have papist souls, it troubles not you, suppose,—That if the Pope should, through “error or mistake, command vices and prohibit virtues, the Church would be bound in conscience to believe vice to be good, and virtue evil;” although, I say, this Cardinal

did whilom glory of this very name of Papist that it doth *attestari veritati*, give testimony to that which they profess; fetching it, forsooth, from Pope Clement, Pope Peter, and Pope Christ (!); yet another of his Three Popes. Church will assure you that this name was never heard of till the days of the tenth Leo; which, if it be true, they must theretofore have been called by some other name, and now again may prefer a third. For the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be. And heretic that I am, A heretic. and that not alone in your estimation, *quâ* Papist, but also absolutely and *in me*, in myself;—for I acknowledge and confess that I have taken what opinion I pleased in this matter, and in all matters,—heretic that I am, how should I your true name know from another one?

And touching the titles of the What the Pope is called. Pope himself. You may read in their

books that their Pope is called *Caput Universalis Ecclesiæ*, *Pater Ecclesiæ*, *Filius Ecclesiæ*, *Sponsus Ecclesiæ*, *Mater Ecclesiæ*; the Head of the Catholic Church, the Father of the Church, the Son of the Church, the Spouse of the Church, the Church our Mother. Now I would know of you how he can be the Church herself, and yet Head of the Church, and the Church's Husband? How he can be Father to the Church, and yet Son of the Church? How the father may marry his daughter, the brother may marry his sister, a son may marry his mother?

But no scandal about the Pope.
 An Innocent. For did not one of them (Innocent that he was!) ordeyn that whatsoever he were the which should speake euil of the Pope he should be punished in Hell with eternall damnation? And, what is more, was not a Calvinist preacher struck dumb in the

pulpit, at Oxford, while reviling another of those Pius creatures, who A Pius one. converted heretics by the very virtue of his countenance? No? Then does History Ecclesiastical—lie! But No lies. History Ecclesiastical does not lie when it tells that that same Innocent also ordained auricular confession; and, as not content with that fair work, he may also boast of “the two most signal triumphs over sense and No trifles. humanity, the establishment of transubstantiation,” — “the portentous doctrine,” one calls it, of “transubstantiation;” the author, he, of ‘A Safe Way to Salvation;’ a way than which, or I do “err and mistake,” none hitherto has yet shown any more excellent:—“a doctrine,” quoth another, “which shows that it is possible for a man to believe anything he hath a mind to:”—and the origin of the Inquisition. So at least, says An Author, the author of a “bulky history,”—for

and his
Critic,

the words are none of mine,—who “pleads eloquently,” as the critic says who wrote the history down “bulky,”—for those words neither are not mine:—He himself, that critic, was not the author of a bulky history, nor of aught bulky else; *pauca quidem ingenii sui pignora reliquit, sed egregia, sed admiranda*. Few indeed were the pledges he left of his genius, albeit choice pledges, pledges to be admired;—something of his powers of mind and writings you may read in your Hours of Idleness, I think, if you will; and something you may find of the one in the other, if you will read his Letters to an Archdeacon, occasioned, as who does not know that knows aught of Gibbon, Travis, and Porson? by the Letters of the Archdeacon to the bulky historian:—who “pleads eloquently,” as the critic says, “for the rights of mankind and the duty of tolera-

and his.

tion; nor," he adds, "does his humanity ever slumber, unless when women are ravished, or the Christians persecuted."

Of the which three Graces of Rome, Three Graces of Rome.
—I mean, of course, Auricular Confession, Transubstantiation, and Inquisition, and not the archdeacon, the historian, and the critic,—some-what I may have more to say in the sequel. At this present now I will but speak so much of each of them in turn ere they depart as here followeth, and let them go. I say, then, that the last-named Grace was sure a most inquisitive she; that transubstantiation has ever seemed to me to have been aptly enough so named, as beyond the reach of any power to substantiate, short of that which is supposed to have spoken her into being, and was pithily enough said by an old table-talker to be only rhetoric turned into logic; while, for

A word in
your ear.

auricular confession,—a word in your ear. Whenever, if ever, you catch a priest confessing any over whom you have authority, whether as husband, or father, or guardian, or otherwise howsoever, take my advice, and—But why should I pretend to advise you in such case? for to advise, says one of them of old time,—I think it was he who had Xantippe to wife, the son of Sophroniscus; or perhaps it may have been only his disciple, the philosopher of the broad shoulders; it was, as I have said, one of the ancients, I may not say more particularly. And, forsooth, what needs it that I be more particular in this,—more exact? Did you never hear of the counsel learned in the law—I found him in one of Mr. Doe's books—who made reference once to one of the statutes of the realm as a statute passed in the reign of one of the Henrys, or Edwards,

The uncertainty of the
Law.

he could not tell which?—To advise, says one of old, is a serious office, or to that or the like effect. And the person, as saith one of the moderns, —one of the fraternity of Spectators, A Spectator's saying. who, I find, passed much of his time in the study of man,—“the person who pretends to advise does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding.” Now that I do not think you defective in your understanding, it may sure appear in what, at this present, I am doing. And this, together with that which but now I brake off in the middle, and that which anon I will speak, should make it plain as way to parish church that I do not think you will prove defective in your conduct in such case. For, that which but now I brake off in the

Something in
Sir Priest's
ear.

middle, was it not giving you advice?
And what now I speak is this, namely,
that while I for my part, as at present
advised, should not be slow, I think,
to send Sir Priest away with some-
thing else besides a word in his ear,
you, of course, I am sure will—advise
you what you do, and with yourself,
your best adviser, talk.

More about
Souls.

Senek, amanges other wordes wyse,
Saith that a man aught him wel avyse
To whom he giveth his land or his catel.
And syns I aught avyse me right wel,
To whom I give my good away fro me,
Wel more I ought avysed for to be,
To whom I give my soul ; for alway
I warn you wel it is no childes play
To give a soul without avisement.

So you, I say, will, I am sure, advise
you what you do in such case ; and
again, I say, you will advise. For,
among those that do all things with
advisement, there is wisdom. Which
if it be true, will it not be also true,
convertibly, that there is not wisdom

among those that do things without advisement? And to exercise superiority over you, that be far from me, and is quite from the purpose of this book which I am writing, whose end,
The purpose of this book.
both at the first, and now, was, and is ;—but to set down here, or other-where, in so many words and categorically, what is and was, both now and at the first, the end of this book which I am writing, would sure be a supererogatory service indeed, if service supererogatory there may be any ; all as supererogatory as it would be, look you, to go about to advise you what to do in that case of Sir Priest. For consider. Are you a member of the United Church of England and Ireland as by law established? You are a member of a
An Articled Church.
Church which has “articles” of faith, forty save one, “agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the whole clergy in

*A casus
omissus?*

Convocation, holden at London in the year 1562, for the avoiding of diversities of opinion, and the establishment of consent touching true religion." How then, and pray you, should you need advice what to do in such case as Sir Priest's, a member, you, of such a Church as this? Unless, indeed, such case be a *casus omissus*, or a case omitted from those Articles, and this Church have left it a question whether to confess to a priest be an advisable discipline, and a good instance, instrument, and ministry of repentance, and may serve many good ends in the Church, and to the souls of needing persons: and so at the same time this Church have left room and occasion to her bishops to address her members, and ply them with Dissuasives from Popery. Though thus to think of such a Church, and of Articles agreed upon as were these thirty-nine,

and so ratified, were, perhaps, flat ^{Flat burglary.} burglary in the estimation of some, her members. And if you should meet with any—I have met with some—who should agree to differ from you on this matter—this matter, I mean, of auricular confession—or, for that matter, on any other matter of faith, and should affirm it, or deny, whilst you deny or affirm it, and yet they should profess and call themselves members of this articulated Church, equally with you, why may not you even allow them so to be, and, leaving it to the enemies of this Church, if enemies this Church have any, to make the reply churlish, that that ^{A churlish reply.} may scarce be, and that, without taking upon them to determine whether of these two or more *soi-disant* members of this Church be members of this Church indeed, they may take upon them to doubt that the others are not indeed members of

A great
feast.

this Church; will not you rejoice rather and be glad for that, those Articles, the whole nine-and-thirty of them, notwithstanding, and notwithstanding, too, that agreement to differ and that difference, there is room enough in this Church for those others and for you? And that, like a magnificent feast, there is all the variety that may be, but every one chooses out a dish or two that he likes, and lets the rest alone. So this Church is; every one may choose out of it his own religion, by which he may govern himself and let the rest alone.

A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this. If he were of a fearful heart, do I say? If he were never so stout, methinks, of heart, I might say. For here have we a Protestant Church and Articles of Faith. O matter and impertinency mixt! methinks I hear one say. But

the phrase is quite german to the matter, I assure you. A Protestant Church, I say, and Articles of Faith. Let the Church and the World, if they will, be offended, either of them, or the other, in these Articles,—these forty stripes save one, as some have called them, laid on the backs of the Anglican priesthood—"The tevil and his tam!" What phrase is this? The Anglican priesthood? Why, it is affectations!—Let the Church, I say, and the World be offended, if they will, in these Articles, for that they are Protestant Articles tackt on to a Catholic Liturgy — Roman, they should say, if they would speak in sober meanings. There may be matter in't. And the Church and the World may speak as small as they will; but they that have free souls, and are not of the Church and the World, this toucheth not them; this, that is to wit, that the Articles are

Protestant, and the Liturgy Catholic, if so they be. That which toucheth them, it is this, namely, that the Church is Protestant, and yet has Articles of Faith notwithstanding. This is that that I say of it, that a man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this; if he were never so stout of heart; a Protestant Church

A definition, and Articles of Faith. For, to define true Protestantism, what is it but to be nothing else but Protestant? But Protestant against what, or whom?

and a discussion. For, where Protestantism is, there must also of necessity be somewhat to protest against. What, then, is the somewhat which Protestantism protests against? Popery, say you, and you say right. But, marry, how? Come, give a reason of the Protestantism that is in you, and so give the lie to whosoever 'twas that said, even though it should have been none other than the sovereign

Pontiff himself, "That it is not the fault of the majority of Protestants that they are separated from the Church. The force of education, habit, and circumstances, is so great that in all likelihood they never ask themselves whether their profession of faith is right or wrong." How, I ask, does Protestantism protest against Popery, and why? For because it is Popery? But do not Popery and Protestantism both agree in all fundamental points? Not at all, then, for this does Protestantism protest against Popery. No more than Protestantism protests against Popery in especial, or before, or above, or beyond all other that Protestantism thinks deserving to be protested against. But Protestantism protests against Popery for because Popery is dogmatism, pure dogmatism and simple. For dogmatism, I conceive, is the somewhat which Protes-

tantism, conceived aright, properly protests against. And dogmatism, I conceive farther, is not a property of Popery exclusively. I would it were. Protestantism, then, conceived aright, is not a protest against Popery, *quâ* Popery; nor is Protestantism, conceived aright, a protest against Popery in especial, or before, or beyond, or above all or aught else whatever. But Protestantism, conceived aright, is, considered negatively, a protest against all and every whatsoever interference with the right of private judgment; and, *e converso*, convertibly, Protestantism, conceived aright, is, considered affirmatively or positively, the assertion of the right of private judgment. And it is even for because Popery interferes with this right of private judgment, cannot but interfere with it and live, and be Popery; is essentially, and *in se*, interference with it; for because, in

a word, Popery is dogmatism, that An exhortation. Protestantism protests against Popery.

Hear the Church, cries Popery; Protestantism cries, Search the Scriptures.

Ay, search; and be not you frightened from the propriety of searching by A warning. any table-talk you may have heard or read, or any talk you may hear or read, "that those three words have undone the world. Because Christ spake it to his disciples, therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scripture."

For, first, Christ did not speak it to A correction. his disciples, as you shall find it to be so, if you search; and, secondly, he who thought he had the mind of Christ told every man to be fully persuaded in his own mind. But how be fully persuaded in your own mind if you do not search? For it is in this learning as in other, and a man, as once one observed to me, who had then late commenced a

A wise saw.

course of legal dietetics, and after wrote himself "Barrister at Law," and may even have heard himself yclept "my learned friend"—he is gone, now, "ther, as I came narr, I cannot tellen wher"—a man, I say, knows nothing till he reads. So search the Scripture alway; and again I say, search. And that be far from you to make the consequence and conclusion from the difficulties of Scripture that some make. They say the Scriptures are hard, therefore let not the laity and unlearned meddle with them. Rather say you the Scriptures are hard, therefore let the laity and unlearned study them the more. So again, I say, search. And so says Protestantism; nay, so *is* Protestantism. For, be it never so true, as is suggested by our middle-age historian, that "that for which the struggle" called the Reformation "was made, was not a perpetual freedom

A historian.

from all authority in religious belief ; that this permanent independence was not much asserted, and still less acted on ;” that, in the words of another of our historians,—that privie thef men clepen Deth o’ertook him in A thief. the midst of his work,—“the principle which came forth with the Lutheran revolution,” to wit, “the free use of reason, was so confused Another (historian). and obscured by prejudice, by habit, by sophistry, by inhuman hatred and by slavish prostration of mind, to say nothing of the capricious singularities and fantastic conceits which spring up so plentifully in ages of reformation that its chiefs were long unconscious of the potent spirit which they had set free ; that it is not yet wholly extricated from the impurities which followed it into the world ; that every reformer has erected, all his followers have laboured to support, a little papacy in their own

My Protes-
tantism.

community, and draw the line beyond which human reason must no longer be allowed to cast a glance ;” yet the “essential principle,” sure, “of Protestantism,” was and is, “what goes by the name of the right of private judgment.” That is the Protestantism for me, and that only, and not the Protestantism that after became a “positive creed,”—a contradiction in terms ; and the only Protestantism for which it seems worth while to give up what that other historian speaks of as “perhaps the only advantage, if it were real, which might in some degree compensate for the blessings of an independent mind,” to wit, “infallibility.” How then shall not the inconsistency be flagrant of all Protestant dogmatism ? Of all Protestant interference with the right of private judgment ? With the exercise of that right ? Of, as I said at the first, a Protestant

Church, and Articles of Faith? But ^{Articles; two kinds of them.} what though? Courage. As Articles are definite they are indefinite also. And indefinite Articles, it should seem, in the estimation, at least, of those who penned these nine-and-thirty—for are they not indefinite, one and all? Thirty-and-nine indefinite Articles! Language—every language I believe and speech of man—is content with one indefinite article; not so this Protestant Church,—constitute, rather than definite Articles, the Ideal of a National Church.

Then what hinders that any should ^{Long interrogatories.} not subscribe these Articles? Is it that you do lack some part of that subtle spirit that is in those who can find it to be no contradiction, as contradiction one of the lights of this Church affirmeth that it is, to suppose that any Church, requiring subscription in her own explanations (as every Church does), should at the

An expensive article.

Imitation.

Subscriptions received.

same time permit the subscribers to run counter to those explanations? Or do you find the saw of might of another of the lights of this Church, who writes—the same who could not afford, he said, to have a conscience —“Subscription to Articles of Religion, though no more than a declaration of the subscriber’s assent,”— Good heavens! “no more!” And what more would you have, William Paley? O William Paley! William Paley O!—“Subscription to Articles of Religion is governed by the same rule of interpretation with oaths, which rule is the *animus imponentis*, the sense in which the Articles (or oath) are taken by him who imposes them.” But who has declared that *animus*? Who shall declare it? Who has explained for us those explanations? Who shall explain? But until those explanations shall have been explained; until that

animus shall have been declared; how, if you would do as it shall be come one that would do reason, how, I ask, subscribe those Articles? Ay, how? Even though it should be permitted you to subscribe them in Latin. Yes, madam, in Latin. For are not the nine-and-thirty Articles much another thing in Latin (in which tongue they were made) than they are translated into English? Or is this table-talk merely? Well, Table-talk. table-talk be it, or be it truth, or what it may, I subscribe not these Articles, nor any other. Rather I would decline them. Indeed, with him who said so, "I detest from the bottom of my heart subscriptions of all kinds, but especially subscriptions to Articles of Faith."

And she is not content, this Church, O Church content you. with Articles of Faith. As if to make, suppose, assurance doubly sure, she must needs have her Creed too. Her

Creed, did I say? Creed? Nay, she has three; three Creeds! Yes, three! Insatiate Church! Why would not one suffice? Why has she one? O, one too much by it! Grieve might we, though she had but only one, nor chide for that at her frugality. And she has three! and one of them is the Apostles' Creed! Ample of itself, sure, and enough without all others, for a Church which challenges to herself apostolical succession, whatever that mote be. Or, for that matter, for any other Church, either; of Christians, of course, *ex vi termini*. For, how can it be necessary, as erewhile 'twas askt, for any Christian to have more in his Creed than the Apostles had? Unless, perhaps, she holds, this Church, that this Creed is but the Apostles' Creed only in name. But then, suppose, the apostles should be without a Creed! Well, sir, what if they were,

if their Master left them so? *O fortunati nimium* therefor! Happy men be their dole! But if the Apostles, why not then those who follow the Apostles? Why not this Church? This Church, at least, if none other? This Church, which ^{Protestant-} protests against another Church, for ^{ism.} that that other Church will have men to believe as she believes, and will not that they should "believe as they list." But no; this Church protesteth, and goeth her way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of Church she was, and doeth the self-same thing she did protest against ^{Tu quoque,} but now! O contradictory inconsistentness! Who but must laugh ^{and Pope-ry.} that such a Church should be? Who but must weep that England's Church were she?

But that's no marvel, perhaps, when all's done, a Protestant Church and Articles of Faith and Creeds.

Why, what's
that to you?

A master
loquitur.

Under which
Church, Be-
zonian?

Do not even the freethinkers the same? For even a freethinker may not be received into the sect of freethinkers;—"Pray, consider the words, a SECT of *Freethinkers*: 'tis a contradiction in terms, and a thorough piece of nonsense;"—unless that he will consent to think as the Freethinkers think. "You shall never be incorporated," remarks one, whose "borrowed name, PHILELEUTHERUS, sufficiently," he says, "denotes him a *lover of freedom*,"—"into the sect, till you own that that's the only *freethinking*, to think just as they do."

Mayhap, however, you are not a member of this Articled Church, this Church Established; but you are, it may be, a member of some other Church, some Church protected. Though how protected? And against whom? Or from what? But let that go. You are a member, I say,

it may be, of some other Church than the Established Church; it may chance of an Independent, or of some other Church. Now, if you are a member, say, of an Independent Church, why should I take upon me to advise you what to do in Sir Priest's case? For you will, sure, do as you please in such case, whatever advice I might give you notwithstanding. Else would you be an Independent in word only and name, and not in deed and in truth. So again, it may chance that you are a member, not of an Independent Church, but of some other Church. You, then, who have already exercised your private judgment in becoming a member of such other Church, how shall you not also exercise your private judgment as to what you shall do in such case as the Priest's? Nay, you even who are members of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apo-

Tit for tat.

A little onward.

stolic Church—I believe that is the name she delights in most—why should even you not exercise your private judgment what to do in such case? Why are you members of that Church? Why but for because you think that Church to be the true Church? Unless, indeed, it has happened unto you according to that same taunt which, but now, I was telling you, one did taunt Protestants withal, and it is not your fault that you are a member of that Church; the force of education, habit, or circumstances being so great that you have never asked yourself whether your profession of faith is right or wrong. Unless, I say, this be your case, you have already exercised your private judgment in the choice of a Church. Then why, I pray you, not also exercise it in such a case as Sir Priest's, and determine for yourself what to do in such case; and,

what is more, do it too. I ask you why? I not advise you; that be far, I say, from me. Wherefore, and for other reasons many and good, which *nunc perscribere longum est*, now to write at length it would be long, I will no further seek the merits to discuss of this matter of Auricular Confession at this present; hoping, nevertheless, at more time, the interim having weighed it, to speak my free heart to you of it. And, having this hope, I the more content me here and now with putting you in mind of this one only thing, a mere bit of table-talk it may be, as what, More table-talk. be you Papist or be you Protestant, be you Independent or of some other Church, it may be not amiss to take with you, namely, There was a time when Confession was public in the Church, and that is much against Auricular Confession, and that the free and voluntary practice of it, let

us grant it, were to be commended, as it is urged it is by a certain Thorough Author, to such a worthy and holy person as should be thought fit to communicate with in so serious and important a business ; yet who, may we not ask, is that worthy and holy person ? Where may he be found ? The answer is, There is no such man ; it is impossible.

And, touching this same matter of Confession, “If old assertions can’t prevail, Be pleased to hear a modern tale.”

A tale of a
Boye that
wolde not
confesse.

A pretty Irish boy, of mongrel breed,
The fruit of Protestant and Catholic seed,
To mother’s Church an inclination had ;
But Father unto mass would force the lad.
This bred contention betwixt man and wife,
And soured all the little sweets of life.
By day the peace was often broke by blows,
And curtain lectures nightly chased repose.
But still the boy to Church on Sunday
stole,
And evidenced a wish to save his soul.
The Rector eyed the boy, his zeal approved,
And gave a Bible, which he dearly loved.

This made the angry father storm and
curse,

Lock up the book, and treat the boy still
worse.

At length one Sunday morn it came to
pass,

The father dragged the struggling boy to
mass ;

The zealous neighbours helped to force
him in,

And begged the priest to pardon his foul
sin.

Quoth he, "By virtue of our holy mass,
I cannot pardon till he do confess."

"Well," said the boy, "suppose that I were
willing,

What is your price?" "I charge you but a
shilling."

"Do all men pay? Do all men make
confession?"

"Yes, every man of Catholic profession."

"To whom do you confess?" "O, to the
Dean."

"And does *he* charge *you*?" "Yes, a white
thirteen."

"And do your Deans confess?" "Yes,
boy, they do ;

Confess to Bishops, and pay smartly too."

"Do Bishops, Sir, confess ; pay ; and to
whom?"

"They confess to, and pay, the Pope of
Rome."

“Well,” quoth the boy, “all this is mighty odd.

But does the Pope confess?” “O yes, to God.”

“And does He charge the Pope, like all the rest?”

“Certainly not.” “Then, surely, He’s the best.

He’s able to forgive, and always willing ;

To Him will I confess, and save my shilling.”

Nothing
new.

But there’s nothing new under the sun, unless indeed it be this life which I am writing. When Lysander was in Samothrace—’tis Plutarch tells the tale—and went to consult the Oracle there, the priest bade him tell what most lawless act had been by him done in his life. “Whether,” asked Lysander, “do you bid me do this yourself, or the gods?” “The gods,” quoth the priest. “Then,” said he, “do you stand out of the way, and let me tell themselves, when they ask me.”

Exhortation.

But Papist and Protestant, Pro-

testant and Papist. Is it to be ever thus? May there indeed be no peace ^{Is it peace?} with Rome? Not even though Protestants be willing to go half-way to Rome, and more? Though they do go? Will Rome not come out the other half of the way, and meet them? Can no terms be made between the high contending parties? Can the dogmatist not become a little more rational? the rationalist a little less dogmatical? The demi-god, Authority, be worshipt, without forgetting the worship due to Conscience, the domestic god? Is no Eirenicon possible? And why not? Is it that they to whom the message was sent, at least for whom it was intended, think it misnamed so, and that rather it should have been called an Eironicon, forasmuch as that they think the second part of it is answer to the first? Or what is it?

My speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel all inconveniences,
And bless us with her proper qualities.

A Pope-ish
quotation.

Peace is my dear delight, not Pusey's more.

What have I
to do with
peace?

But the only peace, sure, which
Rome can make with Protestants,
with any, if she have writ her annals
true, and I have not misread them, is
that peace which, call it by that
name, or by whatever other, would
be a solitude; an onlytude, if it
please you to pass the word, leaving
no other Church but only Rome.
Protestantism, meseems, must be
Protestantism still, or be swallowed
up of Popery. *Via media* there is
none: no middle way.

For whom
this book is
wrote.

Men and Women,—for, for you,
and for you only, and for none else
but only you, is this book wrote;—
and deem it not over-abundance and
superfluity of cautiousness in me, that
I make express declaring that this

is so : I have seen, have not you ? For whom not.
 a book of 'Sermons to Asses :—
 Men, I say, and Women, children of
 our Grandmother Eve ; old men and
 young, young women and old ; sons,
 husbands, and fathers ; maids, wives,
 and widows ; I purpose to write,— What the author pur-
 poseth to write.
 But before I tell you what I purpose to
 write, let me, I pray you, have leave
 to tell you what I do not purpose to What the
 author pur-
 poseth not to
 write.
 write. Like as I do remember me
 of an author—you shall hear of him
 more than once, it may be, in the
 course of your life, and in the course
 of this Life which I purpose to write
 —who sets about defining what the
 thing is he has in hand, by first de-
 fining what 'tis not. An admirable
 method in the matter of definition,
 look you, and a prime and chief part
 of that negative philosophy of which
 I am not unfond ; as you shall hear
 anon, and the reason for it. Well,
 then, I do not purpose to write a book

which shall tell you everything in the world ; how to make conquests, invasions, blunders, settlements, bankruptcies, fortunes, &c. ; the natural and historical history of all nations ; talk commerce, navigation, tea, coffee, china, mines, salt, spices ; of the Portuguese, English, French, Dutch, Danes, Spaniards, Arabs, Caracans, Persians, Indians ; of vice, and women that dance naked ; of camels, gingham, and muslins ; of millions of millions of livres, pounds, rupees, and cowries ; of iron, cables, and Circasian women ; and against all governments and religions : Nor do I purpose to write an *Apologia pro vitâ* of him whose Life I purpose to write ; a mere apology for his Life : Nor I do not purpose to write a History of the Religious Opinions of him whose Life I purpose to write ; though somewhat I may have to say concerning his religious opinions. For what sort

of Life should that be of one who had no religious opinions, or should forget to make mention of his religious opinions, what they were?—Nor I do not purpose to write the story of the Phases of Faith of him whose Life I purpose to write:—No: I purpose none of these things: But, I purpose to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write, from his entrance into this scene wherein we now play in, down to the time when, having played his part, he had his exit, vulgarly called Death, and disappeared from among living men. I shall relate the story of his birth; and recount the manner of his death. And this, without more, would be more, by much, than falls to be told of more than a few,—how very few!—of the numbers numberless of those who come at last, at their appointed time, to be laid beneath the heaving turf which erewhile they had trodden;

the abstract and brief chronicle which the stone at its head tells so many a time and oft of him who is laid in the narrow cell beneath ; that he was born on this day, and died on that. Abstract, indeed, and brief ! even as was the life, lengthened though it should have been to life's utmost span, of which it does not tell the tale. And true as brief. But not so brief, nor so abstract, though as true withal, the Life which I purpose to write. I shall tell, not alone the story of his birth and the manner of his death ; but many things of worthy memory which fell in the between, which else should die in oblivion, and you return unexperienced to your graves. This it is which to write is the purpose which I purpose in these pages. I shall commit no false report, speak no untruths, be no slander, belie no lady, nor verify unjust things. I would fain hope, how-

What not.

ever, and indeed I lay the flattering unction to my soul, that I may be able so to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write, as that, these and other the like untowardnesses of omission notwithstanding, you may be able to read it. And not able, merely; but farther, that when you shall have read it, you shall rather that he whose Life I purpose to write had not lived, than that, having lived, this Life of him should not have been written; and also that this Life of him should not have been written, than that, having been written, you should not have read it. For I will gather myself together with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse, I hope, in some sort, takingly; having always a care, at the same time, as far as lieth in me to prevent it, that there come no matter in the phrase that may indite me of affection; now-a-days drawn

out, with aught but linked sweetness, into affectation; and which, call it by this name or by that, or by whatever other name delights you more, I would avoid, as the greatest enemy both of doing well, and of good acceptance of what is done. And as I shall study that there be no matter in the phrase to indite me of affection, so do I promise, my dear Lady, and vow, that there shall be no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory. But for a' that, and a' that, and a good deal more than a' that, I shall yet hope so to write as that you may read, and so that I shall stand in your grace. But, in order to this, you, for your parts, must be aidant and assistant. One of your own poets saith, "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it." And I say, a book's prosperity lies in the disposedness of him that reads it. Now, some readers there are who are no

For a' that
and a' that.

Readers de-
scriptioned.

thing if not critical; they read to contradict and confute. Some there are who are nothing less than critical; they read to believe and take for granted. And some there are who read neither to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, but only to find talk and discourse. Now, whether you read to contradict and confute, coming to the reading of what you read with a foregone conclusion; or, whether you read to believe and take for granted, so that the last word has you, speak it who will; or, whether you read only to find talk and discourse; in these cases, or either of them, I would fain know what prosperity that which you read can hope to meet with at your hands? But and if you read neither to contradict and confute; nor yet to believe and take for granted; nor, yet again, to find talk and discourse; but, to weigh and

Civil and
moral coun-
sels.

consider ; why then,—ay, then,—you will read, to the end to which you were long ago, in certain Essays or Counsels Civill and Morall, counselled you should read. And if you read to weigh and consider what you read, then, whether you may or may not be able to contradict and confute what you cannot believe, or whether you may or may not be able to believe what you cannot confute, you will surely not fail to find talk and discourse.

And notwithstanding the counsel that you should not read, only to find talk and discourse ; yet I cannot but myself think that that book can scarce be worth the reading, in the which you do not find talk and discourse. Certainly the Civil and Moral Counsels in the which the forementioned counsel is given, is not such a book ; but one, on the contrary, which was designed, in lan-

guage archiepiscopal, to be suggestive of farther remarks and reflections, and, in short, to set the reader a thinking on the subject.

An Arch-
Episcopal
observation.

And if this Life, which I purpose to write, should meet with such prosperity at your hands as that, in the sense which I have thus expostulated, you, when that you have weighed and considered it, shall find in it talk and discourse; then, whether the result of your reading, weighing, and considering shall be that you shall confute what you shall read, or whether it shall be that you shall believe it; in either case this Life which I purpose to write, will have met with that prosperity at your hands, which this Life which I purpose to write had hoped to meet with.

And who, you ask, was he whose Life I purpose to write, that the Life of him should be written? And

Question.

who am I, that I have taken in hand to write it? The questions are to the matter; and so, I hope you will think, are my answers. Who, then, was he whose Life I purpose to write, that the Life of him should be written? A question this, which, anyone being skilled in analytic, may, nevertheless, divide and distinguish into two; as thus:—Who was he, whose Life I purpose to write? And why should the Life of him be written? And for the former of these, Who was he whose Life I purpose to write? But fie! what the ignorance it is!—Of me, I mean; not of you: For I would not be so rude as to say or insinuate that not to know him, whose Life I purpose to write, argues yourself unknown:—For, whereas I had thought that not a man, woman, or child, that speaks the tongue that Shakespeare spake, in what part of

The Author
discovereth
his ignor-
ance.

earth soever, whether in that one and only of earth's empires on which the sun sets never, or in any of those thousand and one others on which he sets daily, day by day, but had heard, many a time and oft, of him whose Life I purpose to write; now by your question you seem to say, not so, and categorically ask me who he was whose Life I purpose to write? Well, he whose Life I purpose to write was—— But who he was whose Life I purpose to write, is it not written in the Life of him? Therefore, to possess you with a double answer, what would it be but wasteful and ridiculous excess? Or, as one of my tutors was wont to express himself,—a very Priestley man he was,—a tautological repetition.

So, putting you over for an answer ^{Answer.} to the former part of your first question, to the book itself, come we now to the second part of it, to wit, Why

Question. should the Life of him be written whose Life I purpose to write? And this second part of the question, you think, it may be, is much more difficile to answer than was that other. But you are much deceived.

Answer. For, lo! comes Answer, like an A B C book. O Sir, says Answer— But indeed if you find not answer to this second part of the question also in the Book itself, then may I say, you are not the man I took you for. If my drift look not out through my performance, it were as well it had not been essayed. For then is my writing vain, and your reading is also vain. But I would not hear your enemy say you could not find answer there where you were bidden look for it.

Question. Pass we then to the second of your two questions, to wit, Who am I, that I have taken in hand to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write? A question this, which,

like its elder brother, has its south and its south-west side. As thus: Who am I? And why have I taken in hand to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write? Now, for answer to this latter, the south-west side, methinks I might content myself with assuring you, as I do now assure you, that I am one who knew him well whose Life I purpose to write. And if a man's Life, look you, should not be written by one who knew him well, by whom, I pray you, should it be written? And, sooth to say, upon a second time looking at it, this seems to me to be so altogether wholesome an answer as that I may scarce hope to make your Grace one more so. And so I might pray you to have me excused if I should not make the attempt, but should prefer to let well alone.

Nevertheless, and that you may ^{Answer.} not go about to think that you have

taken me without my answer, and that I can give no reason, nor I will not, why I have taken in hand to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write, I here give you to know that I have taken in hand to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write, for, others among, this following reason; *videlicet*, "*Mea fuit in hâc re voluntas et sententia, quemvis ut hoc mallet de iis qui essent idonei, suscipere quam me; me ut mallet quam neminem.*" The which, my dear young lady, being done into your own native English, is to this, or the like, effect; namely, That such was my good will towards this matter, and opinion of it, as that, whiles I could have wished some one of those who are thereunto apt would take it in hand, I was minded at the same time rather myself to take it in hand than that it should not be taken in hand at all.

Latin;

and the English of it.

Expectation held
My look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To undertake the perilous attempt.

And as I saw *neminem*, no one, who was like *suscipere*, to take it in hand, I even took upon me *suscipere*, to take it in hand myself. If, however, even when I had spent a good large time and progress in the work, I had found that I was happily prevented in the subject by a more learned and acute pen, albeit it went not the same way in the work that I had done, yet thereupon I would have left off the task, lest it should be *actum agere*. But so I did not find, and so I proceeded with the task.

This is the reason for the which, among others, I have taken in hand to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write; and not for because my name is the same as the name of him whose Life I purpose to write. For my name is

Reasons,
plenty as
blackberries.

not the same as the name of him whose Life I purpose to write. Neither have I taken in hand to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write merely through such trifling coincidences as being the member of some particular society of which he was a member whose Life I purpose to write; or native of the same county. For the only place of which he whose Life I purpose to write, and I, were both natives, was England, and the Commonwealth of England the only society of which he whose Life I purpose to write, and I, were members both. I say; among other reasons. For, indeed, not to put too fine a point upon it, and if no great offence belongs to't, the chiefest cause why I wrote this Life was on set purpose—to please myself.

A sharp and
sententious
one.

Question.

Remains, then, only now the query,
Who am I? I am one, my Lord,—

as indeed have I not already once told you afore,—who knew him well whose Life I purpose to write. And so, I pray you, question me no more in particular, nor ask me why I choose to mask my name from the common eye. Not that I have it not Answer upon answer. to answer. As thick as tale comes answer upon answer. I might say, with the Jew that Shakespeare drew, “I’ll not answer that, but say it is my humour.” Or, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, I might say, “I delight in masks sometimes altogether.” Or, with the Bohemian Shepherd, “I am lucky, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.” For there are callings, you know,—so, at least, I read in the ‘Great Diurnal,’ and other broadsheets of the day, wherein they print what is done, said, or thought, in this doing, saying, and thinking world of ours, that it was upon a certain Strange occasion de- A strange occasion.

livered *ex cathedrâ*, from the judgment-seat,—there are callings,—I say not that I am engaged in any such an one; and, a master as you are in logic, you will not, I trow, draw any such inference from aught I do say,—there are callings, in which to be convicted of literature is dangerous.

*Cucullus non
facit Monachum.*

Moreover, it may well enough be, for aught that you can know of the matter, stranger as you are to me, that even if you should succeed in pulling off my hood, you shall find thereunder, no friar, nor not even a——duke; but only the writer of the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write.

How to keep
a secret.

But how to keep my secret? For there will things be found in this Life which I purpose to write, the which, if it shall chance fall into the hands of any that are of the acquaintance of him that did it, will, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,

give them to know the flat unraised spirit that hath dared to bring it forth. Very apparent, then, it is, that to the eyes of them, at least, he may not walk invisible, however differently in that kind he may be able to bear himself to any other. But then you know, you few, you happy few, you are beholding to me for that. For, if you had not been of my acquaintance, the things aforementioned would have been to you as though they were not; and if they had been to you as though they were not, I should have been all as impassable to you, as to the general. So now, good friends, as you are friends, grant me, I pray you, one poor request. Never let others from your eyes receive speechless messages of me; nor do not, by any ambiguous giving out, denote that you know aught of me. But keep what in this you know within your memory locked. I have

One poor request.

Kant.

Watts his
name.

reasons plenty as blackberries for this asking, and will give you instance why you should do it. As thus:— In two ways may you look at this matter; to wit, objectively, and subjectively; as the Germans have it. Or, all Germans to spill at once, that make us Kant-ing men, and to speak after the manner of other men;— though, indeed, other men have spoke after this manner, as well as Germans, and long before them; Watts his name,—a name, by the way, as it hath been well said of it, never to be pronounced without reverence by any well-wisher of mankind; and *à propos* of whom it comes now into my mind that in the course of a conversation once in which men who were my friends had busy discussing of divers questions, one of them chancing to observe that he had great respect for Dr. Watts, “I should have none for you, if you had not,” was the

instant interpose of another :—Watts, I say, in his ‘Logic,’ tells you, “Certainty, according to the schools, is distinguished into objective and subjective. Objective certainty is when the proposition is certainly true in itself; and subjective certainty when we are certain of the truth of it. The one is in things, the other is in ourselves:”—Or, as a philosopher of our own age delivereth himself of this matter, as reported by two his disciples,—a philosopher but recently removed from among us; the philosopher of the Unconditioned;—I’d fain know how is that philosopher conditioned now;—“Certainty;” he says, “expresses either the firm conviction which we have of the truth of a thing, or the character of the proof on which its reality rests. The former is the subjective meaning, the latter the objective.” And, again, another philosopher, one of those two dis-

An unconditioned philosopher.

A philosopher (limited).

ciples, the philosopher who late examined the 'Limits of Religious Thought,' after a manner to set all who made that examination their own to stretch out their thoughts beyond this visible diurnal sphere,—the Limits which, mayhap, had bounded some of them theretofore,—this philosopher says, "There must be a subject, or person conscious, and an object, or thing of which he is conscious." To speak, then, as I was saying, after the manner of other men,—or rather, perhaps, after another manner, you may look at this matter, either in its bearing upon me and mine, and all things else to you extern; or, you may look at it in its bearing upon your own proper selves. Now, while as you look at it in its bearing upon me and mine, it may well enough be that you shall see nothing that should persuade you to the course I have set before you. For, if Hecuba be no-

thing to the player,—as, alas! who needs to be told, that has seen a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, or seen the to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming wherein a strutting player, whose conceit lies in his ham-strings, acts greatness in?—if, I say, Hecuba be nothing to the player, what should I be to you? Nevertheless, do but turn your eyes upon yourselves,—'twill do you good to do so now and then,—and

A penny to a thousand pounds,
An atom to a flaming star,
A cockboat to a man-of-war,

*Parvis com-
ponere mag-
na.*

you shall see that shall give you pause, and make you doubt, at least, whether it may not advantage you, on the negative side, at all events, to be ignorant to others of all knowledge of me. For you, at least, if none else, know well enough that albeit there is a great name lies hid under my

*Stat no-
minis um-
bra. Which
don't mean,
I will tell
you my name
some day.*

muffler; a name gallant, illustrate, and learned; a renowned name; a name as great in mouths of wisest censure as it is familiar in those of this English people as household words; yet it is as the name of others gone before me that this name is illustrate and renowned. For that I am not gallant, it needs not to be said to you who know how powerfully and potently I believe the better part of valour is discretion; and this palpable gross story of a Life, which my rough and all unable pen is pursuing, will shew to all else, I fear me, that I am not much learned. How much of honour, then, you are like to pluck from any acquaintance with me you may claim or proclaim, judge ye. If, however, none of these things should move you, and you should still determine, these things notwithstanding, to rive my concealing continent, and to report me to the world as the

maker of this Life which I purpose to write, take this plague for your reward,—You shall have your labour for your pains. For what, think you, the world cares for my name? I owe it nothing.

But do not, pray you, go about to think that I am ashamed of my name. I am not ashamed of my name. Why should I be ashamed of my name? It will be found among the pillars of the State, those brave peers of England; and among her no less brave, that I say not her braver, Commons. It will be found among Bishops and Archbishops, those pillars of the Church. It is well known among those who have not seldom to take their rest (often, alas! their last long rest) with their martial cloaks around them. It is not unknown among those whose home is on the mountain wave, whose march is on the deep. It has sat in the

My good
name.

highest seat among the yoke-fellows of Justice. It is not the least among the victims of Injustice. It has graced a palace; it has disgraced a prison. And as it has been borne of some who have wielded the sword, so also has it been borne of some who have wielded the pen. And now, and last of all, it is borne of me also.

Of myself.

Of me, who am nor Peer, nor faithful Common, nor Bishop, nor Archbishop; nor, for that matter, not even Priest nor Deacon; nor Soldier, nor Sailor, nor—— “I’ the name of truth, Sir, are you fantastical?” No, Madam; but that indeed which outwardly I shew; namely, one who wields the pen, as this Life which I purpose to write may testify; and what is more, of me, who am, and am proud to be, a member of the Commonwealth of England;—only I could wish that wealth, in the true and noble sense of wealth, were

more common in England than it is. Of me, to whom it is praise and boast that his language, whose Life I purpose to write, is my mother tongue, and his name, whose Life I purpose to write, compatriot with my own.

Yes, England, with all her faults, My country. I love her still. My country! And am constrained to love her,—those inconsiderate foreigners notwithstanding, in whose mouths a common phrase applied to England was “*Regnum diabolorum*,”—with all her faults. Scandal, Sir. For she has faults, more faults, at her back, than she ought to have in this the nineteenth century of the Christian æra, and of her own progress towards liberty, the seventh. And some of them, in her, are grievous faults. But what though? And what shall we do? The Bright idea, A Bright idea. indeed, would seem to be, to leave both England and her faults behind,

Mine.

and betake us, hither, and thither,
and who knows whither? Mine, if
I might attain to it, would rather be,
to stick by England, while I might,
with all her faults, and try to mend
them what I could. Ay, even
though

To shake her Senate, and from heights
sublime

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon her foes, was never meant my task ;

nay, even though what I could should
be no more than to point attention
to those faults, or some of them, in
what so small a book as this Life is
which I purpose to write. But then
you know, for I tell you so, I am not
Bright.

But *satis quod sufficit*. Enough is
A difficulty. as good as a feast. It is difficult,
says one, sketching his own Life,—
you know who, of course ; if not,
seek diligently in the thousand and
one volumes on your shelves until

you find ;—"It is difficult," says one, "for a man to speak long of himself without vanity." And I, for my part, should not have found it in me to quarrel much with him if he had said, "It is difficult for a man to speak at all of himself without vanity." And of this inclining, as I mind me, seems to have been that other,—it needs not, sure, that I say who ; for though perchance you may not read the work which its author, Humorously, as some will have it, was pleased to call a "History of England," ^{A history.}—and which, in the main," says one, of whom you have doubtless Hurd before, "is agreeably written, and is indeed the most readable general account of the English affairs [of which it treats] that has [ever] yet been given to the public ;" and would, says another, of whom you have never heard before, leave but little to desire, if only we could be sure

But are you
sure the news
is true?

An Essayer.

the news was true;—Yet, Pope and his queer-eye notwithstanding, I hope you read the works of him who wrote ‘Of Myself;’ ingenious Cowley, as the Task-master Cowper apostrophizes him; who, Cowley, not Cowper, at less than twice seven years of age, suffered already the last infirmity of noble mind, asking himself,

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?

who saith, “It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself: it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader’s ears to hear anything of praise from him.” Hard and nice, however, you will not have failed to observe, Abraham says; difficult, says David. But, nor he who wrote of others, affirmeth, nor he who wrote of himself, the doing of that to be impossible whereof they severally speak. As, indeed, how should they so

affirm, with the doings in that kind before their eyes, of him of the Sabine Farm, in olden time, and the Lord of Montaigne in these latter days? Howbeit in reading this last-named, I cannot but myself feel,—and methinks I have somewhere read to this or the like effect; and if I had but received such a wound in my head as would have improved my memory, as so it is on record of one that he did, I might have been able to say where I had read, or think I have read it;—I say, in reading the last-named, I cannot but myself feel that the self,—or, as if I were a German man writing for German men, I should, or might, say, the me,—of which his philosophical tittle-tattle is so full, does sometimes impatient me, maugre the *abandon* which is its great charm and characteristic; and maugre, too, the “*bonne foy*,” the good faith,

A farmer,
and a lord.

Muemonics.

Me-self.

Tittle-tattle.

which the tattler challenges for his tattle.

Beginning.

But begin, biographer, leave prologuising, and begin. Come. Madam, I will, the rather for that I did take my pen in hand, not to prologue, but to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write. But, indeed, I have begun; a great while ago this Life which I purpose to write was begun, and after the most approved good fashion, and the latest, too. Look back and see if it be not as I say. "Men and women, I purpose to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write." Is not that a beginning? Or is a beginning not a beginning, unless it tells you in so many words that it is a beginning, and begin thus:—"Here beginneth the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write?" After the fashion, to instance, of that "lytyl treatis" which was by William

Caxton translated out of his "cotype, whiche was in Dutche, in to this rude and symple Englyssh, in thabbey of Westmestre," and which "lytyl treatis," "fynysshed the vj. daye of juyn, the yere of our lord M.CCCC.LXXXI. and the xxj. yere of the regne of Kynge Edward the iiijth," begins thus:—

"Hyer begynneth thystorye of Reynard the Foxe;" and thus endeth:—

A Fox his
Tale.

"Here endeth the Historye of Reynard the Foxe." And which "lytyl treatis," as itself says of itself, shall be "ryght joyous, playsant, and prouffitablen for them that understandeth it." Just precisely as also this Life which I purpose to write may say of itself. And there are good morals to be pickt out of Reynard the Fox; let me tell you that; and Æsop's fables, too, you may take an "Old Bachelor's" word for it. If he may be believed, so; if not, search, seek, find out; I'll warrant you'll unkennel

An old
bachelor's
saw.

A good
fashion.

the Fox. And a right good fashion of beginning any treatise is that fashion of beginning that "lytyl treatis" of the Foxe. And though it be a fashion, which, as a fashion of beginning a treatise or book of any kind, has since passed away, yet with what approof it is even now entertained as a fashion of beginning the public reading of The Book, your own eyes and ears can witness every seventh day. But this fashion of beginning of that "lytyl treatis" is not the fashion after which I have chosen to begin this Life which I purpose to write. But I have chosen rather to begin this Life which I purpose to write after a fashion which would seem to be thought a more exquisite fashion than the fashion of that "lytyl treatis." For not only is the fashion after which I have chosen to begin this Life which I purpose to write

A more ex-
quisite
fashion than
the other.

an approved good fashion, like as was the fashion of that “lytyl treatis;” and not only is it as old a fashion as is that other, but the fashion after which I have chosen to begin this Life which I purpose to write is, unlike the fashion of beginning of that “lytyl treatis,” a fashion which, as a fashion of beginning a book, has not yet passed away. *Ecce Sig.* You have read, have you not? the ‘History of Eng-^{Precedents.}land’ by the once Mr. Macaulay. I say the once Mr. Macaulay. For he after wrote himself Lord. O, Lord Macaulay! Lord Macaulay, O! Well, you became a peer. Before your conversion you were peerless. But *chacun à son gout.* Well, Madam, *De gustibus.* as I was saying and asking, you have read, have you not? the ‘History of England,’ by Mr. (after Lord) Macaulay (that’s the correct phrase, I think). Well, how does that History

begin? "I purpose to write the History of England, from," &c. How, again, begins that History of Rome, "which," as its author says, "was the work of his life, which was to preserve his name not unworthy of his father's," as translated by a Guesser at Truth, and his Bishop friend; and to which History, it may be, we are indebted somewhat for the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' of our Lord Historian. "I have undertaken to write the History of Rome from," &c. Once more: How is it that that other great Historian of our time, he, I mean, who, like his fellow-countryman and contemporary, the Historian of Rome, left untold the story he had undertaken to tell, the story of the Christian Church,—how, I say, does he begin his History? "Our purpose is to trace," &c.

Another yet, a Historian still in

life—may he live a thousand years, if a thousand years he needs to live to finish and make an end of the History he has long been writing of the Reformation, begins that History thus:—"My purpose is not to write the history of a party," &c.

And last, not least, another Historian yet, the Historian of Science, he of whom, Science was his forte, 'twas said by a man of Wit and Humour, and Omniscience his foible,—he, too, is gone, is gone!—thus begins his History:—"It is my purpose to write the History," &c. And by the way, Sir, did ever it strike Like and unlike. you, the likeness there is between two other Historians (shall I call them?) in the manner of beginning their respective Histories; the Historians, I mean, of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and of The Pilgrim? "*Nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita*," you know, is the first line of the former's

History of Hell, "In midst of the journey of our life ;" and, as also you know, "As I walkt through the wilderness of this world," are the first words of the latter's History of The Pilgrim. I suppose, however, that never the Tinker of Bedford heard of the Florentine, any more than the Florentine never heard of the Tinker of Bedford. But this by the way, as I said.

Imitation.

Having then before me these exemplary patterns, I fixed my eye upon them, as travellers by sea upon the pole-star of the world, and according thereunto I guided my hand to work by imitation. For we are naturally apt to be carried by examples. True it is, it is one of the greatest improvements in wisdom, to know whom, in what, and how far we may imitate. The best have their weaknesses, there is no copy without a blur. But what in such

a matter the Father of History did, and his hearer and rival,—for that they were of this fashion the first inventors and setters, who, in these days of Classical Libraries, needs to be told?—what, I say, in such a matter Herodotus and Thucydides did, and Macaulay, and Niebuhr, and Neander, and D'Aubigné, and Whewell approved and followed, can scarce be wrong. And so ends the tale of the beginning of this Life which I purpose to write.

From the beginning, if now, like a ^{Backing my friends} crab, we go backwards a while to the title of this Life which I purpose to write—albeit I do not like that going back; 'tis a double labour, and is most retrograde to my desire; in this country, too, it is said we never go back, and of the three courses, progressive, retrograde, and standing still, my voice is still for the first;—If, however, I say, we go back

a while to the title of this Life which I purpose to write I shall as level make it to your judgment 'pear as day does to your eye, that it has been to me a not lesser matter to have a title good enough to keep the name of him whose Life I purpose to write company; a title which should not hang loose upon him, like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief; than you have seen that it has been to make a good beginning of this Life which I purpose to write. As long ago was said, by itself, of another work,—“'Tis sixty years since,” I think, or more or less, so I say of this Life which I purpose to write, “The title of this work has not been chosen without that grave and solid deliberation which matters of importance demand from the prudent.” I say it has been a matter of importance to demand the grave deliberation and solid of

me, under what title I should write for you this Life which I purpose to write. For if he himself whose Life I purpose to write, had not, as it hath been said or sung, in Wordsworth quoting, the men of England have "titles manifold," yet titles manifold for this Life which I purpose to write of him

"Did put betwene myself and mee
Debate and great perplexitee."

Myself and
me.

According to that observation of an ingenious writer, that, were it inquired of any such what page of his work had occasioned him most perplexity, he would often point to the title-page. The curiosity, he continues, which we there would excite is, however, most fastidious to gratify. Indeed the titles of books have been set down, and are in truth not the least, among the Curiosities of Literature. For, there were open to me in this matter, I say, not three titles,

An ingenious
observation.

Three
courses and a
dessert.

Number
nine.

Jews v.
Tailors.

like as were wont three courses to be open to the Tamworth Baronet, in whatever matter he might have in hand, and three courses (and a dessert) might seem enough for any one not a Hogg, or a Shepherd, or a great gorbellied glutton, or greedy gourmander,—there were open to me, I say, not three titles, but three times three, which make nine, as you say, Sir, the Muses' number; the number of the lives of Tybalt, good king of cats, of the which (lives, not cats) Mercutio the gallant wanted only one, and the number of tailors it is said to take to make a man.

By the way, Sir, are you strong enough to render a reason why it should take one more Jew to make a man than it takes tailors, or is said to take? You know how that there were no tailors among the Jews; that we meet not with the trade of a tailor clean through the Scripture, as he

saith who took a Pisgah sight of Palestine. The Talmud says, so I read in the works of a certain Light-foot author, "They read not in the Law, nor in the Prophets, in the Synagogue, nor lifted up their hands, unless there were ten persons present. The Divine Majesty dwelleth not among less than ten." Nay, R. Jonathan saith, "When the Holy, Blessed God cometh into the synagogue, and findeth not ten there, he is presently angry, as it is said, 'Wherefore came I, and there was no man?'" You remember, Sir, how the last "peradventure" adventured in behalf of that city for which God heard his Abraham plead in vain, was, "Peradventure ten shall be found there." The pleader did not venture to plead for fewer than ten. And you remember, too, Sir, how He who told those who had Abraham to their Father, "Before Abraham was I am,"

The smallest
of all possi-
ble congre-
gations.

also told them, "Where two or three (not ten) are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Was it wrong done, then, of the "Persone" who is recorded to have begun the service, "Dearly beloved Roger," seeing that himself and his clerk only were there gathered alone together?

A strong
man.

All these—titles, I mean; not Jews nor tailors—and more, came flocking, or might have come, had I but given them opportunity. But *satis quod sufficit*, as I have said before. And so, considerance had of these withouten more, and elimination made of one for this reason, and another for that, and a third for the two reasons together, and a fourth for no reason at all, and a fifth because it liked me not, and a sixth because you, Madam, might not like it, and a seventh because it was my humour, and an eighth because there must be

conclusions, I found that thus it remained, and the remainder this: that is, to wit, that like him who once A new John Gilpin. rode a race, and won it too, for he got first to town, there where I did at first get up, I had at last got down. In few, I chose at last the title for this Life which I purpose to write which had the first occurred to me!

So, when certain governors of his Labour in vain. would have made King Picrochole, of that name the third, "*le plus heureux, plus cheualereux prince qui oncques fuit depuis la mort de Alexandre Macedo,*" and the way and means thereto was thus, namely, to make him sole monarch of the Universal Earth; and an ancient gentleman, "*esprouué en divers hazars, et vray routier de guerre,*" Echephron by name, who was in the presence at that season, when he heard it, askt, "*Que pretendez vous par ces belles con-*

questes? Quelle sera la fin de tant de travaux et trauerses?" "Sera," dist Picrochole, "que nous retournerons à nos aises." "Dont," dist Echephron, "et si par cas jamais n'en retournez? N'est ce mieulx que de maintenant nous reposons, sans nous mettre en ces hazards?" (I purposely leave that Rabelaisian French undone into English). So, too, Panurge the Crafty, when first he was found by the good Pantagruel, who loved him ever after all his life, after that he had given utterance to his wants in a dozen and one other tongues, of his new master not understood, he having, seemingly, not bestowed more time therein than Sir Andrew Aguecheek had; being askt (Panurge, I mean) by that master if he could speak French, made answer, "Yes, surely, God be thanked, right well; it is my native and mother tongue!"

A leash of
languages
and more.

And a good choice, too, I made, or I do mistake me. The title which I have chosen for this Life which I purpose to write being, methinks, good, not alone for its negative qualities, but also for its qualities positive. For its negative qualities, you will note, first, that the title of this Life which I purpose to write is not an allegorical title? Allegorical titles, quoth an ingenious writer, always indicate the most puerile age of taste. How then could I, who have long passed the puerile age, choose in this age of taste an allegorical title? Nor, secondly, is the title of this Life which I purpose to write an affected title. Albeit affected titles, of which, quoth the same curious writer, the Jewish and many Oriental authors were fond, were not peculiar to the Orientals. The Greeks and Romans have not shown a finer taste. Nor,

A good choice, and a choice good.

Nine negative qualities of this book.

thirdly, is the title of this Life which I purpose to write a rhodomontade title, what that may be; though rhodomontade titles—I am thankful for twice getting through such a word as that—were once great favourites. Nor, fourthly, have I been so fond of novelty as that my book recommends itself by such a title as ‘A New Life of him whose Life I purpose to write.’ Nor, fifthly, have I, to excite the curiosity of the pious, or for any other end, employed artifices of a ludicrous nature, or any artifice soever. I have not made my title a rhyming echo; nor have I distributed it according to the measure of time; nor borrowed my title from the parts of the body. Nor, sixthly, is my title obscure. There is no room, therefore, to raise a prejudice against me on the ground that an ambiguous title is the effect of an intricate or confused mind.

Nor, seventhly, does the title of this Life which I purpose to write convey a false idea, methinks; a thing, I admit, alike prejudicial to the author and the reader. Nor, eighthly, is the title of this Life which I purpose to write too prodigal of its promises. On the contrary, my fear is lest this Life which I purpose to write, presenting, as it does, more than it promises, as do the works of all modest authors, may fail of attracting notice by its extreme simplicity. Nor, ninthly and lastly, is it with the title of this Life which I purpose to write, as with those painted representations exhibited by the keepers of wild beasts, where, in general, the picture itself is made more striking and inviting to the eye than the enclosed animal is always found to be. From all which, its negative qualities, a conclusion is—a negative

And a negative conclusion.

one too—that the title of this Life which I purpose to write is not one fit to find place among the Curiosities of Literature.

Its positive
qualities.

For the positive qualities of the title of this Life which I purpose to write, it needs not, sure, that I speak of them, after what I have said of its negative qualities. Only I would ask, if two negatives make, as 'tis said they do, a positive, how many positives must nine negatives make? For so many have I found for you to take note of in the title of this Life which I purpose to write.

Thus, then, I had gotten a title for this Life which I purpose to write. And having gotten a title for this Life which I purpose to write, you may think, perchance, I had now nothing to do but at once to make a beginning of this Life which I purpose to write. But wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. For

before I could make a beginning of this Life which I purpose to write, needs must that I find a motto for this Life which I purpose to write. For as good have a motto without ^{Wanted, a motto.} a book, as a book without a motto. So to the task of finding a motto for this Life which I purpose to write, I set me without more ado. But when I came to consider and take note of what any motto must be which I could take for the motto of this Life which I purpose to write, the conditions with which it must be conditioned, the properties it must be propertied withal; I stood astonished and appalled. And the sundry contemplation of the matter, in the which my often rumination wrapt me, did rather add to my appalment than diminish from. For what was it I did want? I want, said I to ^{The qualities of a motto.} myself, a motto which hath more qualities than many a book, which is

much in a bare motto. Here is the cate-log of some of its conditions. *Imprimis*, it must be wise, sage, grave. *Item*, it must be short, swift, sententious,—an excellent thing in a motto. *Item*, it must be a truth. *Item*, it must be common. *Item*, it must be one that might hope to be with delight received ; forasmuch as that a motto's prosperity, equally with a book's, seemed to me, like a jest's, to lie in the ear of him that hears it or reads. But now, where hope to find a motto conditioned with only these conditions ; a motto propertied with these properties ; a motto the subject of these predicates ? For mottoes, as well essentially as by circumstance, that is, to wit, etymologically, are only words. And what words are, is it not discoursed in a certain Precious French Book ? Or, that I lie not, what words ought to be. Words, quoth this *Prétieuse*

Words, what
they are, or
ought to be.

Book, "*doivent porter leur sens et leur signification, et jamais ils ne doivent etre obscurs. Le mot n'est qu'un habit qu'on donne à l'imagination, pour en revestir la pensée, et la mieux faire connoistre par les couleurs dont elle est dépeinte: mais c'est un habit qui ne la doit point couvrir; c'est un coiffure, et non pas un masque; elle doit la parer et luy servir d'ornement, et non pas la cacher aux yeux et l'envelopper d'un déguisement.*"

A precious
French book.

Words, in English words, should carry their sense and signification, and never should they be obscure. The word is but only a garment—habit I would say, but that it is become habitual to use habit in quite another sense—which we give to the imagination, for the clothing of the thought therewith, and the better to make it known by the colours in which it is depicted; but it is a garment which should not cover it; it is a coiffure,

Plain Eng-
lish.

and not a mask ; it should set it off and serve for ornament to it, and not conceal it from the eyes, or wrap it in disguise. So saith *La Prétieuse*, and *La Prétieuse* claims to be “*point un simple ouvrage de Nature, ou de l'Art ; c'est un effect de l'un et de l'autre ; c'est un précis de l'esprit, et un extrait de l'intelligence humaine ;*” much as this Life which I purpose to write might say of itself, that it is not simply a work of Nature, or a work of Art simply ; it is an effect, a product, of the two together ; it is a *précis de l'esprit*. I really cannot translate those words. My modesty will not consent ; it is an extract of human intelligence. And the Canterbury Tale teller tells us

“Eke Plato saith, who so that can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosyn to the dede.”

Want! why
want?

My motto, then, O my motto!
Well, many, I remembered, are the

sayings of the wise; and, of these many, some few are riveted, screwed to my memory, and for more I betook me to my books. And having turned over, and over, and over again, one after another, volume after volume of Adages, Apophthegms, Maxims, Mottoes, Proverbs, Quotations, Sentences, Saws and Sayings, from the Proverbs of Solomon, the Son of David, King of Israel, to the Proverbs of —, fill up the blank as ^{A blank, my lord.} you will, Sir, I am indifferent,—I had from these several collections made a selection which of itself might have made a respectable collection, amounting, as it did, in number to a thousand save one; or, as I might say, to nine hundred ninety and nine exactly, and *à propos*, one and all, either of my subject, my object, my book, or me. This selection, I had thought, and had well nigh determined, to publish separate and apart

Things not
generally
known.

by itself, by way of Preface, Prolegomena, Preliminary Discourse, or Introduction to this Life which I purpose to write. Meanwhile, the more I looked for any such one motto as I was in quest of, the more I did not find it. In truth, as well might I look for a preacher like St. Paul; or a Statesman a friend to truth; or an infallible Pope; or a Churchman who meant it when he said *Nolo episcopari*; I wont be a Bishop; or a Miss who would not anything for a husband give; or a man, ay, Madam, or woman either, to do to others as he would have others do to him; or any other most strange monster. So I even concluded to have no motto at all for this Life which I purpose to write, albeit well knowing how that it was long ago observed by a well-known Spectator that it is with a handsome motto as with a good face,

“It is a letter of recommendation,” as who saith, whether good King Harry’s *Bet*-ter daughter, or any A king’s daughter. other; and that even if only “a word to the wise,” and of little use to unlearned readers; yet they, if they do not understand the sign that is hung out, may know very well by it that they may meet with entertainment in the house. But I know all as well that “Good wine needs no bush.” And, accordingly, I concluded, as I said, to have no motto at all for this Life which I purpose to write. No motto, that is, to wit, on the title-page of this Life which I purpose to write. No, Madam, any one might put his motto on his title-page, or behind it. I am too good a judge for that. A good judge. But I have preferred to put the motto to this Life which I purpose to write, nor on the title-page, nor on its back. But I have preferred

to put the motto to this Life which I purpose to write :—Well, there is a motto to this Life which I purpose to write; “a wise man’s eye may read the mot afar,” and I am sure you, Madam, will not fail to find it where it stands.

A Dedic-
tion wanted.

And now that I had gotten done with my Motto, and a good title to this Life which I purpose to write, two wants were supplied, as happy prologues to the swelling act of the theme of this Life which I purpose to write. A thridde want, however, yet there was, ere that I could fairly make beginning of this Life which I purpose to write; but a last one, it. For I now only wanted, a Dedication, of this Life which I purpose to write. Now, touching this matter of a Dedication, I am very much of the opinion that it makes not much for the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, and is not

to be commended, that sometime dedication of books and writings, as to patrons; as whoso will may see who will make it his work to look over Epistles dedicatory and prefaces to the reader. And that books, such as are worthy the name of books, ought to have no patrons but Truth and Reason. And albeit the ancient custom, which was to dedicate them only to private and equal friends, or to entitle the books with their names; or, if to kings and great persons, it was to some such as the argument of the book was fit and proper for; might deserve less reprehension and allow of more defence, than that modern; yet have I not chosen to follow it, no more than the other. But I have chosen to follow a course which,—or else this brain of mine hunts not so sure as it hath used to do,—as it deserves no reprehension, so it asks no defence. For,

A Dedic-
tion found,
and made.

I suppose, it asks no defence, nor deserves no reprehension, to dedicate a book to—those for whom it was wrote. And so, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Misses, and Masters all, you for whom this book is wrote, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Great thing
of me forgot!

So then, with Dedication done, and Motto too, as well as Title gotten to boot, what should hinder that I should not now at length make beginning of this Life which I purpose to write? And beginning I was accordingly. When, lo!—would heart of man once think it? I remembered me that I had clean forgot—myself! Yes, Madam, forgotten myself. Forgot, that is, to challenge this Life which I purpose to write for mine. And thereupon I was fain to put off and postpone, defer and delay making beginning of this Life which I purpose

to write yet once more, until when I had this matter, too, well fitted. And indeed I began to find myself fobbed in it; my resolution, that is, to make beginning, I mean, of this Life which I purpose to write, fobbed with the rusty curb of that thief of time, old father antic, Procrastination. For, said I to myself, wants, immeasurably spread, seem growing as I go. Though, indeed, here was, properly speaking, not any want, but, to speak by the card, a mere requirement to be complied with of that tyrant, Custom. But, marry, how to be complied with? For, to let you into the secret, it was already a foregone conclusion with me, not to set my name on the title-page of this Life which I purpose to write, as the Author of it. And A problem; thus the problem to be solved was just this; namely, How to challenge this Life which I purpose to write

and its solution.

for mine, without setting my name on the title-page as the Author of it. And right cunningly, methinks, did I solve the problem; and after a sort which, I am bold to affirm of any thousand individuals save one, —men, women, and children,—whom you could name, Sir, that it would not have come into the heads of more than nine hundred ninety and nine of them. For, when I found that the problem might not be well solved in this way, I even went about and set myself to solve it in—that way! What way, Madam? Why the way in which you have seen, or may see, it solved in a foregoing page. So are there more ways of killing a dog, besides hanging him. So are there more ways of reaching the mountain, besides waiting for the mountain to come to you. So are there more ways of getting roast pig, besides burning down your house.

While, however, it was, as above I ^{My mark.} have said, a foregone conclusion with me not to set my name on the title-page of this Life which I purpose to write, as the Author of it, I was nevertheless desirous of marking it by some particularity, that I might claim it at any distant day. For, as any may see with eyes, to describe myself merely as one who knew him well whose Life I purpose to write, is not to mark this Life which I purpose to write by any such particularity as would enable me to claim it at any distant day, inasmuch as I only, of course, was not alone the one person who knew him well whose Life I purpose to write. I had then to find some other particularity by which to mark this Life which I purpose to write, so that I might claim it at any distant day. And such particularity I found. But I mean not, of course, to tell you what

that particularity is. Albeit I will tell you what it is not. I have not contrived, then, that the initial letter of every chapter—the language is not mine, but that of a Dizzy writer, and is a Curiosity of Literature not noticed by him,—should be formed of those of my name, or of the subject I treat. For chapters there are none in this Life which I purpose to write. Nor do the initial letters of the first twenty-nine paragraphs of this Life which I purpose to write form my name; nor the initial letters of any number of the paragraphs of this Life which I purpose to write; albeit, paragraphs there are in this Life which I purpose to write. Nor have I perpetrated any the like Literary Folly. Nevertheless, my name will be found in this Life which I purpose to write; and that not once or twice, but many a time and oft.

But though my name will be found ^{My history.} in this Life which I purpose to write, and that not once or twice, but many a time and oft, yet I have not given my own history in this Life which I purpose to write. It is said, That every great writer of fictitious narratives has usually done so. That is to say, The history of every great writer of fictitious narratives, as given by himself, is fictitious. For, if his fictitious narrative be his own history, then, *e converso*, is his own history a fictitious narrative. This would indeed be a Curiosity of ^{A Curiosity of Literature.} Literature. But not so is it with me and this Life which I purpose to write. I have not given therein my own history. The corollary from which is,—and here you get another negative quality of this Life which I purpose to write—that this Life which I purpose to write is not a fictitious narrative. And if

not fictitious, then, by consequence, true.

A but-tery.

But I did take my pen in hand, as I have said, not to prologuise, but to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write. But though I did take my pen in hand, as I have said, not to prologuise, but to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write, and although, besides, it may be true that good wine needs no bush, and therefore that a good play needs no epilogue, — albeit, I, for my part, look you, was never enough master in Logic to see how the one of those propositions could be a “therefore” of the other, — yet, inasmuch as certain it is that it is not a “therefore” of either or both of them, that a good book needs no prologue, — though, indeed, that a good book needs no prologue may none the less be in itself an inviolable truth, — I say not, yea or nay; and,

forasmuch as to good wine they do use good bushes, and a good play, it is said, does prove the better by the help of a good epilogue; why, I would fain ask, may not a good book,—even this Life which I purpose to write, for that this Life which I purpose to write is a good book, you must sure have found ere this,—prove the better by the help of a good prologue? And that this pro-
Is this a prologue?
logue, as you are pleased to term it, which I am writing is a good prologue, I have not yet heard any deny or doubt. This prologue, or preface,—it is all the same, Madam,—which I am writing, I say. For I have not solicited for this department of my work the ornamental contribution of a man of genius. I have no friend who has a volume of prefaces or introductions always ready by him, to be used as circumstances may require. I have, therefore, been obliged, and

necessity has compelled me, myself to write this prologue or preface to this Life which I purpose to write.

A porch.

But deny or doubt that this prologue, or preface, is good, quotha? This prologue, or preface, which I am writing to the Life which I purpose to write, invites by its beauty, as a preface—being, as 'tis said, the entrance to a book—should. Like an elegant porch, it announces the splendour of the interior. Albeit, I have seen elegant porches, not a few, which were porches to interiors which I desired not to look into. A prologue this, which I am writing to the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write, or a preface, in which there is no dulness nor impertinence; though this or that may raise, it seems, a laugh for a page or two, to a curious reader at least. A prologue or preface which, being, as 'twere, the sauce of the book, *la salsa del libro* they of Italy call it, creates an appetite in

Sauce.

you who read it to devour the book itself. Good, bad, or indifferent, however, there it is.

And now that the prologue is dispended,
The book shall presently be—ended.

Or this
poesy?

“Begun,” you were looking, and you think, I should have said. And “begun” I would have said. But then, you see, the verse would have halted for it. And what might Old Gower have said to that! Besides, at some time or other, and all in good time, the book shall in very deed be ended. For I do not purpose to write a story without an end. But I purpose, as I have said, to write the Life of him whose Life I purpose to write. And how this gives you assurance that the book shall one day have an end, it were but superfluity and waste of wit and time to expostulate. And so,

For me, and my Biography,
Here stooping to your clemency,
I beg your hearing patiently.

Or this?

“He, Sir,
he?”



He, whose Life I purpose to write,—whose Life I am writing, I may now say,—was the son,—you will not be incurious, my dear Madam, nor negligent to mark how that I say, he was *the* son ; not *a* son. Albeit you will, also, not, from my so saying, be hasty to conclude, or gather, or surmise, that he was an only son. Whether he was or was not an only son, I say not here : nor whether he was or was not a first-born son ; or a seventh son, nor what son he was. All this, and more ; as, whether he had any brothers, and sisters any ; and how many brothers, if any, he had, and sisters how many ; all this, I say, and more, you will find in its proper place in the sequel. Only I say here, he whose Life I am writing was the son of——

A Saint not
in the Calen-
dar?

But, St. Ignorantia be my witness, I

cannot name the name of the female, —which in the common is woman,—that was his parent feminine whose Life I am writing—which is in the vulgar, mother,—his father's wife. But is that a wonder to you? To you that have heard of families living so near together all their lives as but one chimney-back between them, and yet their doors opening into several streets, and the persons of those families never knowing one another, or who they were? To you, that a great while ago, when that you were but little tiny boys, met with that passage of Martial, *Nemo est tam prope, tam proculque nobis?* A Light-foot author. None such strangers as next-door neighbours. That are familiar with that observation of the Jews, that sometimes two verses in Scripture be joined as close together for space as close can be, and yet as distant for sense and relation as distant may be? A Martial passage.

Hearts.

That have read that wondrous relation of Seneca,—if I miss not my author, that a man through sickness did forget his own name? and that of the naturalist, as wondrous, that there is a beast that, as he was eating his meat, if he did but once turn his head from it, he forgot it? To you, —to come to what decerns you nearly,—who, and whose hearts, were born together, grew up together, have lain together, have always been together,—and yet have had so little acquaintance together, as that you have never talkt together, nor conversed together,—nay, you know not your hearts, you have forgotten your hearts? Is the case of you, Sir; or, Madam, of you; or of you, Miss, so with your heart,—And is it not?—I appeal to your hearts if it be not so, if they but speak, and I beseech you to put them to it:—Is, I say, the case so with you and your hearts, and is it

a wonder to you that I know not the name of one whom—I saw almost never? One, who, save that she was the mother of him whose Life I am writing, was to me as though she had not been? For though I knew him well whose Life I am writing, it follows not that I knew his mother well. For to know a man well, is one thing; it is another, to know his mother well. Is this, I ask, a wonder to you? Out upon men's manners! Out upon it, what a world is this! And after this sort, would make such a like wonderment, as you seem to use against me. I counsel you, wonder no more, neither at this thing, nor at other. Very possibly you shall not bereave you of your wits with wonder. Nevertheless, as you tender your peace of mind, and if you care, as of likelihood you do, to have happiness court you in her best array, and not to make a clean miss of your being's

A non-sequitur.

Advice, which the reader, as the author hopes, having bought and paid for, may follow or not, as he please.

end and aim, suffer the word of exhortation which bids you keep free your minds from wonder. For, as one singeth, in imitation of an old fore-goer,

Pope, after
Horace.

Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.

Not to wonder, the singer should have said, and like it is, not to wonder, the singer would have said, if he could have said it. If, that is, at least, he would have been, as he should have been, as I am, not unmindful, and as I would have you to be not unmindful, to make distinction between things that differ. For, admiration is, as who saith? as superior to surprise and wonder, simply considered, as knowledge is superior to ignorance; for its appropriate signification is that act of the mind, by which we desire, approve, and enjoy, some unusual species of excellence. As, indeed, long before either him who thus

wrote, or the said singer, or the fore-goer whom he imitated, one who, universalist as he was, was but little given, for aught that ever I could read or hear, either to imitating or to singing,—I don't forget how that he, A plagiarist. the said universalist, has been charged with having stolen all his philosophy from the writings of Solomon, whose library Alexander carried from Jerusalem, and with having burnt the books to conceal his theft;—and Second Class. I see our Spectator places him in a second class of great geniuses; not, however, as he thinks them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake, as they were of a different kind. And he so places him with Plato among the Greeks; among the Romans, Virgil and Tully, among the English, Milton and Bacon. And when he became a Freeholder, our Spectator entitled Aristotle “the greatest philosopher of all antiquity!”

—discovered for himself, and put on record for you and me, the psychological fact, that under admiration exists desire; so that what is admired, is desired. As another singer, and a glorious, singeth,

What the child admired,
The youth endeavoured, and the man acquired.

A Stoicke
saying.

Howbeit Seneca, in that high speech of his, (after the manner of the Stoickes) whereof there is mention made in those same Counsels Civill and Morall, doth put opposition betwixt desire and admiration. "The good things, which belong to Prosperity, are to be wished," he says; "but the good things, that belong to Adversity, are to be admired." "*Bona rerum secundarum, optabilia; Adversarum, mirabilia.*"

Whiles then I wouldn't speak aught against admiration, in the true and noble sense of admiration, and you

remember how our Spectator tells us, once and again, that admiration is one of our most pleasing passions, and is a very pleasing motion of the mind; nay, that he seldom saw anything that raised wonder in him which did not give his thoughts a turn that made his heart the better for it; and that, though, from being a Spectator merely, he had then become a Guardian;—I nevertheless exhorted you above, and now exhort you once again, to keep free your minds from wonder. And I take occasion to add, also from that love of wondering, and of raising wonder, than which there is, perhaps, no stronger pleasure with mankind; no one which they do earlier learn, or longer retain. 'Tis the delight, you know, as has been Characteristically said, of children to hear tales they shiver at, and the vice of old age to abound in strange stories of times past. We

A Spectator
turned
Guardian.

A 'characteristic'
saying.

come into the world wondering at everything; and when our wonder about common things is over, we seek something new to wonder at. Our last scene is to tell wonders of our own to all who will believe them. And amidst all this, 'tis well if truth comes off but moderately tainted. And for Truth to be but even moderately tainted, or tainted never so little, is what cannot but make a lover of Truth,—and a lover of Truth you, of course are, Sir,—grieve. For than Truth, no greater blessing can man receive, or God bestow. (The Philosopher of the broad shoulders, you remember, speaks of Truth as being the Body of the Supreme Being, and Light his Shadow.) So, at least, thought, or, at all events, so, in words which have been so done into English,—for he spoke Greek,—said my great fore-goer in this kind of writing, the Life-writer-general of antiquity.

Truth; what
an ancient
thought of it.

Plato *loquitur*.

But what is Plutarch to us, or we to Plutarch? He lived in the first century since Jesus died for men; we in the nineteenth. And if the world has not become wiser in the between, then should it not have grown older. For where is the use of living, I need not say how many hundreds of years after Plutarch, if we can do no better than Plutarch did, and can but think as Plutarch thought? What marvel, What some
moderns. then, if there have been, since his time, of those who have, seemingly, not so mightily held up the estimation of Truth as did that old Bœotian? Yet, sooth to say, postponers of Truth, to whatever else, were scarcely to have been looked for there where, nevertheless, some of them were in fact found. Curious, at least, it was to be proclaimed in the very temple of Justice, whose every appliance and means is to the end to find the clue to lead through the miz-maze of opinions

and opponents to Truth and Certainty,—for how should Justice have due course, if first you find not Certainty and Truth?—if, indeed, it be not rather to be defended, with him who could well lose Paradise, but could not so well regain it, that Truth and Justice are all one, Truth being but Justice in our knowledge, and Justice but Truth in our practice;—curious, I say, it was to be proclaimed in such high place, that there is “a principle more valuable even than the administration of Justice,”—in other words, than the finding of Truth and Certainty,—to wit, “the necessity of preserving the confidence and happiness of domestic life!” But Truth is great, and has prevailed again. Not, sure, over the necessity of preserving the confidence and happiness of domestic life; as if, forsooth, it were possible for domestic life to, I say not, preserve its confidence and

Truth's
triumph.

happiness, but to be at all, without and apart from Truth; but Truth has prevailed over the error of supposing that there could be any possible oppugnancy between herself and the confidence and happiness of domestic life.

And are there, then, no wonders to Wonders. be wondered at, nothing for admiration to admire, whatever or wherever? O wonderful question, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and, after that, out of all whooping! No wonders!

Creation's wonders are displayed
Where'er you turn your eye;
If you survey the ground you tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

This goodly frame, the Earth; Things old. this most excellent canopy, the Air, look you; this brave o'erhanging Firmament; this majestical Roof fretted with golden fire; what are they but wonders, one and all? Even the

common objects of the sea-shore, are all wonderful; and wonderful they would appear, if the commonness of them did not make them so familiar; as also are other common objects, and many. And not the least wonderful thing about these common objects, is, that they are common. While of all these wonders, the greatest wonder is, that all these wonders are not more wondered at. But then, Madam, they are common. So common, it may be, and frequent, as that it should be fastidious and fulsome to you, or to some other, to repeat that these common objects are wonderful. Wherefore I will reverently take my leave of these wonders of Creation. And come we to another of Creation's wonders; one, albeit, to the full as wonderful as those other, and as common; I mean, our own proper selves. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason—how infinite

in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable!—I hope you give utterance to that last word with the accent on the i; so pronounced, it is, indeed, an admirable word:—in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, what is he, man, but the quintessence of, dust? Dust he is, and unto dust he must return. Yea, though he be blysse of batayle, chyld of chyvalry, defence of countree, worshypp of armes, arme of strength, hand of largenesse, eye of reson, bryghtnesse of honeste, berynge in breste Hectour's prowesse, Achilles' sharpnesse, Nestour's sobernesse, Tydeus' hardynesse, Sampson's strengthe, Hectour's worthynesse, Eurialus' swiftnesse, Ulyses' fayre speche, Solomon's wysdom, Ajax's hardynesse; though he were the clothynge of naked, the hungrye's

The end of
man.

mete, fulfyllynge all mennes bone that him wolde ought bydde; though he were fayre in speche, felowe in servyce, honeste of dede, and sobre of worde; goodly to every man, and rightful to all,—yet, all this notwithstanding, of men axe what is the end; it is ashes and powder. Ay, Madam, and of women too. For to this favour must we come all. This, too, how wonderful it be soever, is likewise common; and however common, is none the less wonderful.

A miracle.

But, wonderful, did I say? And might I not have said, It is miraculous? It is a miracle? (A certain Trench-ant archbishop, with whom I hope you have acquainted yourself ere now, will show you what distinction is betwixt a wonder and a miracle.) If so be, indeed, that such a thing may be as miracle. Concerning which, however, is it not the greatest proof of the possibility of

miracles, almost, that now, in these last days, at least in this later half of the nineteenth century since Jesus died for men, men should be questioning if miracles may be? As if, forsooth, it were not true that is reported, as my friend Mr. Rubrick reminds me, by the Philosopher of Life, Language, and History, that “the general possibility of miracles is a principle which man’s sound and unsophisticated sense had never allowed him to deny.” May I not say, then, It is a Miracle? Man, I mean, Sir. That Man is a miracle. Man, a being of consciousness and free-will, —I know the Philosopher of Human Understanding likes not the phrase, —in an unconscious world and governed by fixt laws. Or was it a Vulgar Error, merely, of him who No mistake. said, “Now, for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a history, but a piece

of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable?" But are you a master in Christendom and know not these things? Does your belief not exceed the belief of Mahomet and Mahomedans? I speak as a fool; does it not fall far short of it, if you do not believe in miracles? Miracles, asks the prophet of the Turk? What miracle would you have? Are not you yourselves there? God made you; shaped you out of a little clay.

More wonders.

And like as there are Wonders of Creation, those now mentioned, and others, many more; so also are there Wonders of Providence. And wonders these every whit as wonderful as those the Wonders of Creation. There is the wonder of the fall of a sparrow. There is the greatest of historical wonders,—the deepest and most complicated enigma of the world, the permission of Evil on the part of God. There are also Wonders of Truth;

and there are Wonders of Error. There are Wonders of Fact; and there are also Wonders of Fiction. There are also Wonders of Knowledge; and there are Wonders of Ignorance. There are Wonders of Belief; and there are also Wonders of Unbelief. There are Wonders of Reason; and there are also Wonders of Revelation. Of all these wonders, and of each, I would fain have some talk with you. But not now. When I shall have a convenient season, I may do so, in the sequel, perhaps, of this my undertaking. At this present I shall stay only to speak of a wonder in connexion with these last-named wonders, the wonders, to wit, of Revelation, which many a time and oft has struck me, as also it had many a time and oft struck him whose Life I am writing,—though this is anticipating,—as perhaps the most wonderful of all wonders in con-

Wonder of
wonders.

nexion with the Wonders of Revelation. Need I say, I have in my mind the weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable manner after which, from seventh day to seventh day, those who have to speak,—as dying men to dying men,—of these Wonders of Revelation, contrive with curious infelicity not to interest those who hear them in that whereof they speak? He, as whose ambassadors they come, spake, as 'tis said, as never man spake. And so, verily, do those his ambassadors, too many; though after a quite other and far lower sense. But though He spake as never man spake, yet the common people, as 'tis also said, heard Him gladly. Can the same be said of those his ambassadors? I not answer my question. *Si responsum requiris, circumspice*. If you require an answer, look around. But yet it is possible to preach otherwise than on this wise; a wise, me-

thinks, which should be not inaptly designated by the name of the third, or lowest, of the three kinds of beer which a certain brewer said he brewed; to wit, strong table, good table, and lamen-table. Mr. Yorick, A sermon of the last century; in the last century, could preach after another wise of the advantages of having a good conscience; and after another wise, too, can Parson Dale, in this century, show his parishioners of this century; how every man shall bear his own burden. I have heard, too, of a sermon which was thought of those who heard it to be something, although the text upon which it was preacht was Nothing. And I have upon nothing. heard, alas! sermons not a few, which seemed to me, and to others who heard them, to be nothing, although the texts upon which they were preacht were Something. And even-handed justice bids me add, I have heard sermons, far, alas! between,

which—but I hope, before I shall have made an end of this Life which I am writing, to make you partakers with me, in some sort, of those sermons, one or two of them.

When found,
make note of
it.

For when I heard those sermons I made a note of them. I say I hope; for in these sermons, as I mind me, the preachers of them have what is called copyright; the right, that is, to wit, of preventing any other from copying them. A very supererogatory right, sure. But, copyright in sermons, my Lords and Gentlemen? Yes, verily; copyright in sermons. But think, Sir, as once Mr. Doe invited me to think; think, I say, of Simon, whose surname was Peter, to instance, bringing an action for damages for the infringement of his copyright in the sermon he preacht on the day of Pentecost! Or Saul, also called Paul, filing a bill to restrain the publication of the sermon

An action,

and a suit.

he continued until midnight! But *tempora mutantur*, suppose; certainly, *nos mutamur*. Whether times are changed or not, we sure are changed.

There was nothing, however, in those sermons—those which I heard, you understand—or any of them, and nothing in Parson Dale's sermon, nor in Mr. Yorick's, nothing, which should not be within the reach and power of their fellows, the company of preachers, every one. The poet of the Time-piece complains, I hear, how that in his time, so oft when Paul had served them with a text, had Epictetus, Plato, Tully preacht. A company of preachers. And one who in our time has discoursed most eloquently of the Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature, tells us that Plato dies in the school to reappear in the pulpit. Well, would to Heaven he did! Not die in the school, but appear in the

A sermon
never
preacht.

Conversion.

More, C.,
loquitur.

pulpit; and would too I knew the pulpit in the which he or Epictetus preacht, or Tully. Right glad would I be to go a Sabbath-day's journey to hear them, one or other. Think, Sir, O think, of a sermon by Plato, on a text of Paul! A sermon such as earth heard almost never; such as Heaven might stoop to hear. But not such, alas! the lot of us; though, indeed, those three, being dead, yet speak. But instead thereof our preachers, too many of them, seem to preach as if they took the foolishness of preaching to be a convertible term with the preaching of foolishness, and we seem to be much in the same plight in this matter as they were in the days of More, Chancellor, "when," saith he, "such a scabbed ytche of vaynglory catche they in theyr prechyng, that though all the worlde were the worse for it, and theyr owne lyfe lye thereon, yet wolde they

long to be pulpyted.” Insomuch, indeed, as that one is sore tempted to think with the Bishop of the ‘Liberty of Prophesying,’ that it were not amiss if the liberty of making sermons were something more restrained than it is; and that either such persons only were entrusted with the liberty, for whom the Church herself [or, at any rate, their own Church] may safely be responsive; that is, to learned men and pious; and that the other part, the *vulgus cleri*, should instruct the people out of the fountains of the Church, and the public stock, following therein the example of our Spectator’s friend, the knight’s chaplain, who, as the knight assured his friend, “made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow,” till, by so long exercise and discipline in the schools of the prophets, they may also be entrusted to minister of their own unto the people. This, I am sure,

Bp. Jeremy
Taylor *loquitur*.

he adds, was the practice of the primitive Church, when preaching was as ably and religiously performed as now it is. And the more shame for us, add I. For where is the use, as once already I have asked of another matter, where is the use of living so long after even the Bishop, or the Chancellor even, much more so long after the primitive Church, if we can do no better than they did? Nay, if we must do worse? Well, “Things,” says the saw, “generally come to the worst or ere they mend.” Meanwhile, one passage there is in all these sermons, the very worst, which who cannot but greatly admire? I mean the passage from the pulpit to the vestry. And one consolation I console myself withal, in respect of these sermons, all and every, the very worst, too; to wit, that though, like the peace of God, they may pass all understanding—as once judgment was

A wise saw.

A fine
passage.

given, Mr. Doe tells me, in the case of one of these sermons, by one who has always been considered to have been a good judge,—yet they cannot, like his mercy, endure for ever. Though, sad to say, they are, not a few of them, of quite unconscionable length, that man's nature cannot carry the affliction nor the fear, and, like a wounded snake, drag their slow length along, and dispose me oft to do like as a good man did—a me-
A methodical act.
thodical one he—in the case of a certain prayer which, I have read, was once prayed in his hearing, and in the hearing of other good men, methodical ones, too. Whenas the prayer was yet but only some half prayed out, he rose from his knees; and upon being after, when the prayer was done, remonstrated with by him who prayed the prayer, he that rose up excused himself for that he had done by saying that he had been

A good
judge.

prayed into a good humour, and being afeared lest he should be prayed into a bad humour, by the too much length of the prayer, he had thought it best to do as he had done. And these are the sermons which, an we are to believe the utterers of them, will rise up in the judgment with us to condemn us. Well, with deference be it said, as said it was, by him whose Life I am writing, once, I am ready to meet any number of them, come they in single spies or in battalions.

Truth and
fiction.

But alas! and why is this? Why must they who have to speak truth speak it as it were fiction? While they who have but fiction to speak, speak it as it were truth? Is it that in this thing, too, the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light? Must it be ever, as in the days of Lear, King of Britain, it was, and is now, that

Priests are more in words than matter,
As brewers mar their malt with water?

Sermons, if they cannot lead our sense, need sure not tire our patience. Better have always and only such Swift sermons as was one I have read A Swift sermon. was once preacht by a reverend dean, of which the words and of the text upon which it was preacht, were together scarcely more than two tens to the score. The text was this:—
“He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.” And this the sermon:—
“Now, my brethren, if you like the security, down with your money.”
Go, preacher, go, and do thou likewise.

And then, for the reading in our churches. There be readers in our churches that I have heard read—
and heard others praise, and that highly—who have reminded me of nothing so much as of one, my tutor,—a Frenchman he, who had been on More readers described.

A dictum of
an arch-
bishop.

the Belleróphon, as he accented it, who ever and anon was wont to correct the accentuation of his pupils with the reproof, "Sir, you do lay the emphásis" (so he gave it) "on the wrong place." Why, sir, I know a church—I have been there; I scarce can say I still would go—where the reader, regularly and without the shadow of change, prays for mercy upón us; and as regularly for mercy upon ús, the clerk. For all that the Archbishop of Rhetoric pointed out, more years ago than I care to remember, how that, of the three ways of reading that suffrage and saying that response possible, neither the one nor the other of those two was right; but that the right way of reading and saying it, and the only right way, was and is, with the emphasis on the word mercy, "Have mércy, upon us miserable sinners." Which way of reading and responding

of that reader and clerk as regularly ^{A prayer of mine.} inclined me to interpose a prayer for mercy upon such miserable readers.

And to pass from the manner of <sup>*In modo;*
in re.</sup> the reading in our churches to the matter that is read in them. Would—to instance some among more things of the kind—would the praise therein offered be any the less praise if some, at least, of the Psalms of David made no part of the vehicle of that praise? Would the prayers be any the less prayers, if prayer were no longer wont to be made therein to the “Son of David,” or the “Lamb of God?” Would the faith of any one, man, woman, or child, be made less by even so much as a grain of mustard seed, if Athanasius’s creed, which to some has “seemed somewhat harsh,” and which not every one of the clergy even can afford to believe, were, not “translated anew, and a gloss put upon the preface and

Christianity
without
Judaism.

conclusion;" but translated out of the Prayer-book altogether? Or would there be anything out of tune or harsh, anything to fright these Churches from their propriety, if, in place of the law given by Moses, there were read on their walls the law of Christ? If, instead of the Ten Commandments given for Jews, the Two Commandments given for all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, met the eye of those that came in there—that first and great commandment, and the second, which is like unto it? A thing less of expect than wish, I fear. Albeit, it would seem to be not much to expect that a Christ-ian Church, if it bear the image and superscription of any, should bear the image and superscription of Christ.

Not much.

How not to
go to church.

And, to turn from those who preach in our churches to those who hear, to your own selves. What-

ever you go to church in, do not go in an *esprit de corps*. "The Man," whom you are invited to "behold," and to "survey his life and work," knew nothing, methinks, of any such *esprit*. "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" And if the Church knows anything of such an *esprit*, why, so much the worse for the Church. This is the *esprit*—or what else?—that keeps so many away from that which "this Man" invited those to do with whom He sat down, in remembrance of Him. Those many suppose, good easy souls, that what they are invited to is "this Man's" table; and find, alas! the day, that it is the table of the *corps*! And they stay away, those many. But who, I pray, made me a ruler or judge over you in this thing? If you are good enough for "this Man," are you not good enough for me?

An extravagant and erring spirit.

A question. Peradventure, however, you are ready, and have been waiting all this while to ask, with "jesting Pilate," What is truth? Albeit for my own poor part, look you, if I had not been told that Pilate was jesting, whenas he put his famous question, I should scarcely have found it out of myself. Well do I remember when first, long years ago, ere I was old—

Egoism.

Ere I was old ! Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me, youth's no longer here !

those Counsels, of the which I have already made mention, were put into my hands. And well do I remember, too, wondering what the Counsellor could mean by "jesting Pilate." And notwithstanding that it is in no lesser an author than "Francis, Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Alban," that I so read, I have nevertheless never been able to keep myself from misdoubting if the fact were so. Though what so poor a man as I am

An historic
doubt.

may have thought on this subject, or on any, as against the said lord, it is like enough I should never have been bold to utter in the ear of the public, but that I find myself at one, on this historic doubt, with another lord, that first lord's latest annotator. "Any one," quoth the Lord Archbishop of Logic and Rhetoric, "of Bacon's acuteness, or of a quarter of it, might easily have perceived, had he at all attended to the context of the narrative, that never was any one less in a jesting mood than Pilate on this occasion. And he pursues the subject after such sort as such prelate might be expected to pursue it, and which if you have not read as yet, I counsel you to read; and if you have read it, it will not need that I counsel you to read it again. But now for an answer to your question, What is truth? Pilate's question, put to Truth itself, which deigned him no reply. If you

An arch-
bishop *loquitur*.

An answer.

will quit the Sofa for a while, and walk into the Garden—I will not insult you by saying whose garden—you will find what in the way of answer to this self-same question was left in that garden by him who once plied his Task, now there, now elsewhere. Meanwhile, until when you shall have a convenient season for your walk, for answer to the question,—an answer will serve all men, and I do not forget that divers other answers have at sundry times been given by divers other persons, who have had the question put to them, or have put it to themselves: Here is one of those answers, the answer of him whom they called, who loved him, the Angelic Doctor—Thomas Aquinas was his common name,—he was a scholar and a ripe one,—“*Veritas intellectus*,” he says, “*est adæquatio intellectus et rei, secundum quod intellectus dicit esse, quod est, vel non*

An angelic
answer.

esse quod non est.”—“Intellectual truth is adequation, to retain the school-man’s own word ; congruity, to take another, of mind and matter, according, as mind says, that what is, is ; or that what is not, is not.” To give, I say, one answer to the question will serve all men. I may say, truth is—what it is devoutly to be wisht you may find. For is not the truth the truth? As, of course, you are engaged in the search after truth. For, as was said by that man of understanding, of whom Oxford thought herself not worthy, and so Locked him out, Truth is that which all mankind either do or pretend to search after. Or, as says the Lord of Montaigne, “*Nous sommes nais à quester la verité ;*” we are born to search after truth. And again, “*Toute la philosophie est départié en ces trois genres. Son dessein est de chercher la verité, la science, et la certitude.*”

Truth, what
it is.

A seigneur
loquitur.

A philoso-
pher *loqui-*
tur.

Where to
search for
truth.

Latin, Lan-
ternois, and a
lie.

The whole of philosophy is divided into these three kinds. Its design is to seek out truth, knowledge, and certainty. In the words of the Unconditioned Philosopher, "The end which all our scientific efforts are exerted to accomplish is truth and certainty." But, marry, where to search for truth? That is the question. Men have searched impossible places for her, and accordingly have not found her. They have searched for truth in the well, according to the old proverb which speaks of her lying there. But 'tis a lying proverb, and truth is not in the well. And after the water men searcht for truth in the wine. But truth was not in the wine neither, for all the proverb's apt alliteration, "*In vino veritas*;" in Lanternois, "*En vin verité*." Others, again, have thought to find truth in what is sure as opposite to her as the antipodes are to us. Witness that

good shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, as our counsellor calls it, "*Di mentira, y sacaras verdad.*" Tell a lye, and finde a truth. And so man thought that truth was hid indeed within the centre. But not so, if ^{The seigneur} *log. again.* Montaigne's lord be not wrong when he says, "*Elle n'est pas, comme disoit Democritus, cachée dans les fonds des abysmes, mais plutost eslevée en hauteur infinie en la congnoissance divine.*" It is not, as Democritus said, concealed in the unfathomable deeps, but rather elevated to an infinite height in the divine knowledge.

I say not where you are not to search for truth. Enough for me that I tell you of one place, at least, where you are to search for her, or may search for her, and where, if you do search there for her, you shall find her or may. Search, then, for truth in this Life which I am writing. For this Life which I am

A characteristic of this book.

writing is true, as above, you remember, I proved. Why should I carry lies abroad? And if a saint is to be believed when he records miracles of another saint, much more is he to be believed, or, to speak by the card, surely not less is he to be believed, who records no miracles of one whom he knew well. And say that this Life were not true which I am writing—*non vero*, not true, that is, to wit, to the letter; yet if it be *ben trovato*, well found, cunningly devised, what should hinder that it should not do you as much good, Sir, as if it had been to the letter true? For sure that which is only *ἐτυμοισιν ὅμοια*, like the truth, as well as that which is *ἐνύμα*, very truth itself, may equally be *φωναντα συνετοισιν*, vocal to the wise; that is, to you, Sir, and, Madam, to you.

A syllogism.

Well, sir,
what of it?

And, being wise, when you find truth you will of course be careful to

keep her. Fast bind, fast find. And you will not be afeard to follow her, not but to a certain point, but whithersoever she goeth, to the last gasp, with truth and loyalty; how strange or odd soever she bear herself, or seem to bear, as she perchance at some time may think meet to put an antic disposition on; delighting you no less in truth than life, and taking up the parable of our Owen Epigrammatist, the so-called British Martial, who took up his parable and said, "*Seu vetus est verum diligo sive novum*," Be it old or new, I love what's true. And having this in your memory Locked, to wit, that he that would seriously set upon the search of truth ought, in the first place, to prepare his mind with a love of it.

And this Life which I am writing is not true merely. It is, moreover, propertied with other properties; such as, to wit, the properties

More characteristics of this book.

Where it
may be read.

of everywhereness and everywhenness, which is as much as to say, you may read it wheresoever that you go, and whensoever that you will. “*Delectat domi, non impedit foris.*” It will be delectable at home, and be none impediment abroad. You may read it with the doors shut upon you, in your own house, where it will serve equally well as a book for a corner, or a book for the parlour window ; or you may read it under the greenwood tree with who loves to lie with thee. You may read it by the fire-side, or by the sea-side, or by the side of her you love. I say, of her you love ; for of course you do love some “her.”

“A man most needes love, maugre his heed ;
He may nought flee it, though he schulde
be deed.

A man most ben a fole, other young or
olde !”

So at least thought Arcite and “Duk

Theseus." And to be wise and love, if the Lady Cressid be not false in this, exceeds men's might. And man, he tells us, who, when he said he would die a bachelor, did not think he should live to be married, is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love.

*" Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître,
Qui l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."*

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
That is, or was, or is to be.

In brief, you may read it, as I have said, everywhere or anywhere; even there where it was wrote, if, indeed, you can find where it was wrote. For it is a book wrote, as at sundry times, so in divers places. It was begun to be wrote there, it is being wrote here, and it will be continued to be wrote, where? ah! where?

For I have wrote this Life on the <sup>Where it
was wrote,</sup> sure and firmset earth; I have wrote

it when sailing on the midnight deep. I have wrote this Life under the Northern Bear ; I have wrote it under the Southern Cross. I have wrote this Life in Britain's isle, beneath Victoria's reign ; I have wrote it where peace, and happiness, and plenty smile beneath her reign, though not in Britain's isle.

and when.

And the times and the seasons when I have wrote this Life have been as various as the places have been where. I have wrote this Life now ; I have wrote it then. I have wrote this Life in my going out ; I have wrote it in my coming in. I have wrote this Life in my lying down ; I have wrote it in my rising up. I have wrote this Life when I have taken mine ease in my room—my thinkery, Mr. Doe was wont to call his ; I have wrote it when I have taken my walks abroad. I have wrote this Life when I have been

monarch of all I surveyed; I have wrote it when I have been lord of my presence, and no thing besides. I have wrote this Life when no eye to see me write was by; I have wrote it when no eye, of the many that were by, cast a look of suspicion upon me that I was even then writing this Life. I have wrote this Life what time the lark at Heaven's gate sings, and Phœbus 'gins arise; I have wrote it when comes still evening on, and twilight gray hath in her sober livery all things clad; at the close of the day, when all round me was still, and others the sweets of forgetfulness proved. I have wrote this Life when the sun was in the heavens, and the proud day was wanton all, and full of gawds; I have wrote it at the very witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead. I have wrote this Life amid the flowers of spring; I have wrote

it among the fruits of autumn. I have wrote this Life in the summer's heat; I have wrote it in the winter's cold.

When this
book may be
read.

And as you may read this Life which I am writing, every where, so may you read this Life which I am writing, every when. At breakfast, indeed, it were vain to hope that you will read anything else but the folio, once of four pages, now of four times four. But in the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, when you would not think, it may be, of taking up the 'Faëry Queen' for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' Sermons; but when, nevertheless, a Chancellor of France is told to have wrote a Treatise on Jurisprudence, or on the Laws of his Country,—I forget which,—in the five or six impatient minutes before dinner, I say, you may read this Life

which I am writing. Or you may read it during dinner, wrapping it in a corner of the table-cloth, after the manner of that other and great Life-writer, the Rambler and Idler. Or, after dinner, whileas you sip your wine, and the women folk peel the walnuts. Or, if it like you more to wait till you close the shutters fast, and let fall the curtains, and with the cup that cheers, but not inebriates, welcome peaceful evening in, then may this Life which I am writing be by one made vocal for the amusement of the rest. Or you may read this Life which I am writing when you sit down, if sit down you do, to that nourishment which is called supper. I say, if sit down you do, for few there be, I suppose, who now sit down to supper. Yet why do men now not sit down to supper? And what hath supper done that it should be so treated? Good supper

Three gentlemen at once.

Something for supper.

is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. And there have been suppers,—I would I had been there! There was the supper at—I think his name was Agathon—which had Socrates for one of its guests,—and he washed himself, and put on his sandals to go to it,—and found a chronicler in Plato. There was the supper of which the Sabine farmer-poet has told us the tale; a supper which pleased so one of the guests, that, as he assured him whom he told of it, *mihi nunquam in vitâ fuerit melius*; nothing in life was ever better. A supper which he who tells us the tale of it thought must have been as good as a play. There was the supper at which Apemantus, a guest, said grace; and there was the supper at which he said grace who gave the supper, Timon the Athenian. There was the supper at the Vicar's, the venison supper, to which

his good friend Mr. Burchell sat down ; “and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine.” There was, too, the supper,—and if you like it, and allow it well, that I make mention here of such a thing,—there was, I say, the Supper in “an upper room furnisht,”—that Last one,—at which He sat down with the Twelve, who after was betrayed by one of them. And there is to be a Supper, a Marriage Supper—But in these degenerate days, suppers are very rascals, since dinners displaced them. . At all seasons of the year, too, may you read this Life which I am writing. It will read equally well as a Midsummer Night’s Dream, and a Winter’s Tale. You may read it among the flowers of Spring, then when comes in the sweet of the year ; you may read it among the fruits of Autumn. And it is farther a Book for all weathers ;

for Summer time in the country, and for a rainy day. And if, where times and places so abound for reading this Life which I am writing you find it hard to choose, take my advice, and read it—at all times, and in all places. And read it whensoever you may, and wheresoever, my heart's desire for you in respect of it is, May you like it!

May you like
it!

Inside
and
outside.

And that you may like it, and may like it the more, I have taken order, not alone that this Life which I am writing should be good in itself, in that which passeth show; but I have taken order, as you see, that this Life which I am writing should be good in outward show also; in its trappings and its suits; in compliment extern. It will, said I to myself, be one of the Pleasures of Literature in substance; it shall be one of the Pleasures of Literature in form also.

And, or I much mistake me, so it is. In form and feature this Life which I am writing may sure, methinks, be styled one of Printing's Queens, clothed, as it is, in Printing's best array.

Nor do not set this matter down An unconsidered trifle? as a not-to-be-considered trifle. If one were to offer you a pewter pot, you would scarce suppose, I trow, that you were going to drink Champagne. Champagne, and true it is, Champagne, and diamonds. is Champagne still, drink it in what you may or will. And a diamond is a diamond, without the setting; nay, in spite, it may be, of the setting. And yet they do set diamonds; and they do not drink Champagne out of pewter-pots. After the same manner, if the form and feature of this Life which I am writing had been, as it is not, repulsive, instead of being, as it is, attractive; if this Life which I am writing had pre-

sented itself before you in form and feature like unto a Chambers' book, marching in double columns, rank and vile; how, I pray you, should you have known, or guesst, that that form and feature was, as in very deed it is, the outward and visible sign of that inward spiritual grace of which this Life which I am writing is filled so full? And might you not, after that you had drank my Champagne, if drank it you had out of such a vessel, have said to me, and said with truth, that I had given you it to drink in a pewter pot? But now have I given you my Champagne, not in a pewter pot, but in a Champagne glass, and both, say you, are good.

O! quam bonum.

Use and abuse.

Pipes,

And remember,—this Life which I am writing is wrote to be read, and not to be in any other wise dealt with soever. Not, to instance, to light your pipe with. That, sure, would

be a base use for the writings of a prelate to return to; how much more this Life which I am writing! Nor do not you convert this Life which I am writing into a kind of fringe for your candlesticks. That the Es- candlesticks, says of a man of quality should have been so converted is no reason, sure, why this Life should be so converted which I am writing. Nor do not you, my dear Madam, allow your cook-maid to make use of the pages of this Life which I am writing to put under Christmas pies, or other. and pies. Howbeit, I not doubt that if any Spectator should meet with a page of this Life which I am writing under a Christmas pie, he would, upon the perusal of it, conceive so good an idea of the author's parts, that he would buy the whole book.

And remember, again,—the world is divided into two classes; those who do read this Life which I am

Remember,
Sir, remem-
ber.

writing; and those who do not read this Life which I am writing. Those, in Etonian phrase, who read this Life which I am writing, and—other people! In which of these two classes are you to be found, Sir?

*Non multa
legenda.*

And with this Life which I am writing; this book; and The Book, and any third book you please, without more books, you may be happy; making pauses in your life, contemplating your being, and taking heed to the way you are taking, and whither you are going to appear; and contemplating this world, and its marvels, and the end of it; and reading a portion daily of those same books, which is a good kind of life.

*The Chan-
cellor loq.
again.*

I said, any third book you please. Rather, perhaps, I should have said “the Latyn tonge.” For as one, More, Chancellor, tells us, told him “enquyryng of hym to what faculte

he had most gyven his study, he understode hym to have gyven dylygence to the Latyn tonge; as for other facultes he sought not of. For he told me," quoth the Chancellor, "meryly that logycke he reckened but bablynge, musyke to serve for syngers, arythmetryche mete for marchauntes, geometry for masons, astronomy good for no man; and as for phylosophy, the most vanyte of all; and that it and logycke had lost all good dyvynyte with the subtelyes of their questyons and babelynge of their dyspysyons, buyldynge all uppon reason, which rather gyveth blyndnesse than any lyght. For man, he sayd, had noo lyght but of holy scrypture. And, therefore, he sayd, that besyde the Latyn tonge, he had ben (whiche, says the Chancellor, I moche commende) studyouse in holy scrypture, whiche was, he sayd, lernynge ynough for a crysten man,

with whiche the appostles held themselves contente."

Lost sheep.

French
and
French.

Retournant à nos moutons; which in the vernacular is, Returning to our muttons. I have done those four words into English for the behoof and use of any, who, like the Prior-esse that made one of that companye of wel nyne and twenty of sundry folk that toward Canterbury once did ryde, speak French after the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe, for that French of Paris is to them unknowe. Or after, it may be, the school of those who, in letters made fast to their window-panes, which custom hath brazed, and which convict themselves of untruth, and are very full of proof that they who set them there cannot speak five words of the tongue with understanding, do all they can to face us out of our wits with telling us, *Ici on parle français*. And lest peradven-

ture there should any be found, as, seeing whom this Life which I am writing is wrote for, it is not unlike there shall some be found, which may have to ask, What may this phrase be? as well amongst such as have no need, as amongst such as have need, that it should be overset for them, of some other, from the original into their own tongue, therefore I will stay awhile to declare unto such what the phrase is. It may like ^{Pantagruel-}ism. you to know then that it is a bit of Pantagruelism. Of the ism, that is, to wit,—which, being interpreted, means the philosophy,—of the Pantagruel, of whom, if I have not already made mention, I shall likely make mention in the sequel. But Œdipus be my speed! I fear me I am declaring the unknown by the unknowner, *obscurum per obscurius*, as the schoolmen phrase it. I will tell you who they were when I have a

Three gentlemen upon the road.

The way of the world.

convenient season. For, if you know not the French of Paris, belike you also know nought of Pantagruelism; seeing that it is in French of Paris that the story of that ism is wrote; and in very choice French, too. I mind me, indeed, that it has been long ago done into English, by several, to wit, three hands; of the which one was a Scotchman, and a Frenchman one; and the foul fiend, methinks, made a third. And threefold vengeance tend upon their steps for such their doings! Wherein they imitate, not wisely, but too well, the practice of that ambitious and unlucky son of Holy Mother Church, whom the Outlaw of England in olden time, if romance lie not, charged with being one of those who with new French graces and traliras did disturb the ancient English bugle-notes. Or rather, perhaps, the practice of those that make a testament, giving their

sum of more to that which had too much. For whereas he whom they undertook to interpret was but too much charged with matter of that sort already, they must needs with swinish phrase of their own soil their addition. Whereby they have made him to be traduced and taxed of this English nation beyond the measure. So that it is a quite exsufflicate and blown surmise of Pantagruelism that is to be gotten from the copy of it made by this triumvirate. And whoso would know what in very truth it is, must still needs have recourse to the original, the *ipsissima verba*. But this original, these *verba*,—words, Madam, words, words,—you say you know no touch of. Or, if you do, yet, like Monsieur Jourdain, you would have me make as though you did not, and tell you, in so many words, what Pantagruelism is. Well, then, to define true Panta-

A definition
in which no-

thing is defined.

gruelism, what is it but nothing else but Pantagruelism? And if you object to that definition, for that it is one which those same schoolmen might have termed *idem per idem*, like by like, I not deny it. Only I say, give another yourself, as much better as you can; and I devoutly hope it may be as much better as you please. It may live in your memory, however, that a definition, in all things like unto this you now object to, was once thought good enough for Majesty, and that by an accustomed courtier, too. And, no offence, my Lord Duke, who are you, or what is your father's house, that it shall not be good enough for you? And if it be, as of likelihood it is, an inviolable truth, that definitions are oft-times dangerous, and always difficult, then may I say unto you in way of caution,—

A jest for majesty.

Beware lest your imperfect definition show,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

Certainly the more part of definitions, like the conclusion of a certain book, which it would be doing unnecessarily and superfluously to name more in particular to one so well acquaint with ‘Rasselas’ as you are, in which nothing is concluded, are definitions in which nothing is defined. In the which category—I shall have more to say about that kind of cat anon—you may, if it like you—I reckon not, it is a free country you live in, or you are oft told lies—place the definition given of this ism by the great master of it himself, whenas he declares Pantagrulism to be “*beuvant* Another definition. *à grè, et lisant les gestes horrificques de Pantagruel;*” that is to say, drinking at your ease like Falstaff in his inn, and reading the whilst this Life which I am writing Howsoever, such you see is the master’s

Locke-pick-
ing.

definition (and mine); and for my part, look you, I am not minded to go about to better it. As, indeed, why should I, if I could? And could I, if I would? For, if it is agreed, as I think it is, that a definition is nothing else but the showing the meaning of one word by several other, not synonymous, terms; the explaining of one word by several others, so that the meaning or idea it stands for may be certainly known; the making another understand by words, what idea the term defined stands for; and that a definition is but made by enumerating those simple ideas that are combined in the signification of the term defined; then I desire to know wherein this definition can be amended. Or, if I were to define Pantagruelism to be, "The act of a being in Pantagruelising as far forth as in Pantagruelising," I ask whether you will thereby under-

stand what the word Pantagruelising signifies, or guess what idea a Frenchman ordinarily has in his mind, and would signify to another, when he uses that term?

But Pantagruel, who was he? at ^{Father and son.} least you can tell us that. I can. He was—the son of Gargantua. And Gargantua? He was the father of Pantagruel. But surely you have heard of Gargantua? For of course you have been, many a time and oft,—for who is he that has not?—with Rosalind and Celia in the forest of Arden. If not,—but there is no such man, it is impossible;—if not, I say, haste you, haste you to begone thither, without more tarriance. There, in that forest, you shall find,—but little indeed of Gargantua, and of Pantagruel ^{Now am I in Arden.} nothing. But in the place and stead of Gargantua and Pantagruel, you shall find in that forest,—but, indeed, to tell you what you shall

A wide
mouth.

find in that forest, I would not do you so cruel a kindness, no, not though you should borrow me Garagantua's mouth first, as by my anticipation to prevent your discovery for yourself that there is not in the wide world of Fancy a forest more sweet, 'Than that where Orlando and Rosalind meet. And I could almost find it in my heart to wish that I were as green and fresh in that old forest as you who as yet have not been there.

Of Giants.

And why should I more say of that enormous Giant, — yes, Madam, Giant; there were giants in the land in those days, and these were of them, — why should I more say of that Giant and his son, than of that forest of fancy? More would you know, you may read more where more is wrote of that Giant and his son, that is, to wit, in '*La Vie treshorrificque du Grand Gargantua, père de Pantagruel*;' and in '*Pantagruel, Roy des*

Dipsodes, restitué en son naturel :’ *In puris naturalibus*, as any Roman Pantagruelist might have said,—he of the Sabine farm, to wit. Yes, Sir ; Roman Pantagruelist ; why not ? Didst never read nor hear of the pother made by some of old time about the Pre-Adamites ? Or how within these few years a Philosopher of Erin discoursed most eloquently of “ Mesmerism before Mesmer ? ” Then why not Roman Pantagruelists ? If the Romans had not the name, as it is like enough they had not, who shall say they had not the thing, and has their “ *monimentum ære perennius* ” to read ? That work that does surpass The Age of Monumental Brass. *In puris naturalibus*, I say ; for that is how I do *en son naturel* into Roman, commonly called Latin. Or, as Mr. Boots, so well known to all frequenters of Mistress Margaret Dod’s establish-

An igno-
ramus.

ment, in the free and easy style of his Virgil, might have had it, "In his buff, or birth-day suit." And if so it be that you may not read these in the tongue in the which they were wrote, and must needs say, with honest Sancho, *No entiendo otra lengua que la mia*; I understand no language but my own; why then you must,—yes, you must,—I see no help for it else,—then, I say, you must even content you to read them in the fore-mentioned doing of them into your own tongue wherein you were born; if, that is, you are an Englishman born. It is good cheap, and for the money quite a heap; albeit the original, would that but serve your turn, is good cheaper; the price of it being, according to Cocker, as nigh as may be, one moiety, or half part, of the price of that other. Some shillings sterling;—that it should come to this! but now its price is

fallen ;—some shillings sterling,—the advertisements will show you more,—some shillings sterling is the consideration for the which those Lives, nay the very Bohns of those Giants, are—yours, Sir. And so I do commend you thereunto. You will find it no Labour Lost to read those Lives, or Chronicles. The Chronicler was one who knew well the touch of the instrument, the discovery of which was in his own day made, unconsciously, *Quis loquitur?* indeed, and undesignedly, without his own knowledge, and against his opinions, by a Saxon Monk—that same who after shook the world,—born in the same year with himself; the Chronicler, you understand; to wit, the free exercise of reason, the right of every man to think for himself on all subjects, the increasing duty of exercising that right in proportion to the sacredness and awfulness of the subject, the injustice and tyranny

of all laws which forbid men to aid their judgment by discussion, and to disclose to others what they prize as invaluable truths. This discovery, continues he whom I quote,—you can have no difficulty in saying whom, an you know anything of the History of England; and the philosopher whom first in this Life which I am writing I quoted, says that “more than any other nation the English are conversant with their own annals, and have them ever before their eyes, and live in the past with all the intense feelings of the present,” —This discovery, to come back from the Monk to the Historian, was the parent of every other invention and improvement; but it could not have been, perhaps, effected at that time, without another occurrence. That other occurrence was the invention by one John Gutenberg, a gentleman of Mentz, celebrated for me-

chanical ingenuity, of a certain copying machine. That copying-machine "was the Printing Press, which has changed the condition of mankind." This machine that Chronicler made ^{A Chronicler,} use of, to give effect, what he might and the times allowed him, to that Monk's discovery. And he had stored his memory, a memory worthy to be the warder to a brain like his, with well nigh all the learning that his time could make him the master of. No reader of his Chronicle can ^{and his Chronicle.} fail to recognise his intimate acquaintance with the learning then only beginning to be raked out from the embers of the long-forgotten tongues of Greece and Rome. The poem of ^{Poets.} the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle; what the lofty grave tragedians had taught in Chorus or Iambic; the outpourings of that resistless eloquence that wielded at will Athens' ^{Orators.} fierce democratie; the mellifluous ^{Philosophers.}

strains of heaven-descended sage philosophy, whether her voice were to be heard in the low-roofed tenement of him whom well-inspired the Oracle pronounced wisest of men; or in the Olive-grove of Academe; or in the School of him who bred great Alexander to subdue the world; or in the Tusculan villa of the man whose not least honourable of his not few honourable titles was that of Father of his country; what the Muse of History had sung, whether telling her tale as an ἀγωνισμα ἐς το παραχρημα, or reading her lesson as a κτημα ἐς ἀει: whether ministering to the vanity of a nation in its prime, with the romantic story of its youth; or endeavouring to recall its virtues back by setting before it a view of its shattered splendour; what Satire, keen and critical, had denounced, as well in matters of the public State as the life individual, whether speaking by

Historians.

Satirists.

the mouth of another in Athens, or in Rome by her own;—All these, and more, he had revolved, and stored his memory withal, and made such use thereof—as you will find, Sir, in his Chronicle.

But, to come back from the digression into which awhile ago I digresst; Coming back, and going back. which, however, I might example by many a mighty precedent; insomuch as in the making thereof I have but imitated the best authors; who, to content and fill the eye of the understanding, sprinkle their works with pleasing digressions, with which to recreate the minds of their readers; and which digressions are, or, that I lie not, have been affirmed to be, incontestably, the sunshine, the life, the soul of reading; so that, to take them out of some books, you might as well take the books along with them:—To come back, I say, from our digression, and return to our muttons,

An example
for your imi-
tation.

A citizen's
advice, and
an invest-
ment for
your money.

that is to say, to our subject; that is to say, to him whose Life I am writing. If your memory be anything better than a sieve,—and if it be not, I counsel you to do by your memory as once an innocent did by a sieve he found, and presently fell to stopping the holes: Or if your own,—memory I mean, not sieve,—be so leaky as that you must leave it to its sinking, and if you know where a commodity of good memories is to be bought, you had best buy one. Ay, Sir, buy one. Why not? 'Twas but the other day, as 'twere,—the other day, did I say? Alas! 'twas when that I was a little tiny boy,—that I heard of a citizen of famous London town; a citizen he, of credit and renown; recommending his son's tutor to buy him a capacity. And if capacities, why not memories? Answer me that. And that the citizen's advice was such advice as the advice of a

citizen might be expected to be, may
 appear by this, namely, that the Law,
 so Mr. Doe informs me, holdeth that Mr. Doe lo-
quitur.
 an infant altogether wanteth capacity.
 And if one should not buy what he
 wants altogether, look you, what, I
 pray you, should he buy?—An excel-
 lent and curious kind of learning, by
 the bye, is the learning touching
 capacity, in Law. Whereby a man Of capacity,
in law,
 shall understand and come to the
 knowledge of, other things among,
 what act, and when, a wife may do of a wife;
 with her husband. For that a woman,
 by her marriage, does not, saith the
 Law, lose her understanding, but
 rather improves it, by her husband's
 teaching. Also, of what things a
 monk is capable, and what not. Also, of a monk;
 where a witness may be challenged, of a witness;
 and where not. Also, where an alien, of an alien,
 or villain, may be challenged. But and a villain.
 this for a little taste may suffice.
 More would you know hereof, more

A legal
Cookery
Book.

hereof you may read in the Coke-Boke, in the which I read thereof myself, and was loaned to me by my friend Mr. Doe, and will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Not more
strange than
true.

Other excellent and curious things, by the way, and strange, you shall find in those books, or some of them. For strange and sure it is to find in those books whole chapters of such matters as Confession, Conversion, Election, Satisfaction, Prayer, Redemption, and Judgment. Matters these, and things which a man might not inaptly, as 'twould seem, look for and expect to find in a Person's books, but scarcely, I trow, in the books of a Man of Law. While who should expect to find in or the one or the other, or look for, such matters and things discoursed of as Femmes Covertes and naked Trustees? Yet there they are discoursed of, those

matters and things, in those books of the Law. Of all swiche cursed stories I say, fy!

O! fie!

But as touching the things of the which a monk is capable; for *dulce est desipere in loco*; 'tis pleasant to take a sip by the way. By— One word more, dear Madam, one little word,—though even it had been but only, “By Gis,” without St. Charity,—and the accusing spirit might have been flying up to Heaven’s Chancery with somewhat for the recording Angel to write down; albeit not, it may be, without dropping a tear upon it the whilst. For oaths, and much I fear me, even such as that I had all but passed even now, and sworn, as that would have been, in a fit of pious indignation against the wicked,—and other oath than such from me you shall hear never,—are entered of record in that Chancery above, no less than are any the most

Arrest on
mesne pro-
cess.

A flower of
rhetoric.

bold-beating, terrible, new-found, and strange, that soldier could swear, or army. Or, for that matter, monk either. Ay, monk, Sir Papist. Is it true, or is it not true, that the solitary monk who shook the world, being on a time reproved for his too frequent use of this flower of rhetoric,—for the which, true it is, he might have alleged the authority of him who has been said to be the great sublime he draws,—he made answer, *Condonate mihi hoc vitium, qui fui monachus*. Forgive me this wrong, forasmuch as that I once was a monk. Better 'twere then, methinks, swear not at all. So when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth is to be made, there shall be then so much the less as thereby may be, to witness against you. Nor do not get another to swear for you. It is not a good *moyen de parvenir*, way to get on. For *qui facit per alium*, Mr. Doe

says, *facit per se* ; If you get another to sin for you, you are none the less a sinner yourself. And you shall hardly perhaps get another to be I by myself, I. what-is-it-ed for you.

But, good, my Uncle Toby, write Comment, mon Oncle ? down, saidst thou ? And where, I pray you, should that recording Angel find room and verge enough to write down all that to that end should be brought to him by that accusing spirit ? The disciple whom his Master loved supposes that, if the many other things which, he says, his Master did, should be written every one, even the world itself should not contain the books that should be written. How then, and pray you, should the world contain, nay, rather, how many worlds, suppose ye, should be sufficient to contain, the books A tragic question. that should be written by that recording Angel, if the deeds of the ten thousand times ten thousand, and

thousands of thousands, the great multitude which no man could number, should be by him recorded every one? The question was long since askt, or question not all unlike it, by one of those grave tragedians who, in that city on the Ægean shore built nobly, taught erewhile in Chorus and Iambic. And forasmuch, it may be, as that he might hear but an uncertain sound of judgment to come,—for the time of Intuitive Morals was not yet,—therefore, perhaps, he was the more fain, that teacher of moral prudence, to tell of what, long ages after, was present to him who, but for it, would jump the life to come; to wit, that in some cases we still have judgment here. Think ye that crimes, says he who drew Alcestis and Iphigenia, in one of those Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, of which we have but fragments,

A tragic act.

Think ye that crimes unto the gods ascend
On wings, and there upon Jove's tablet-folds
One writes them down, and so the leaves
exploring

He judges mortals? Not th' empyreal sphere,
Did Jove record the trespasses of men,
Might 'vail to hold their sum, nor He to lay
Fit penalty on each : but Justice HERE,
Here close beside you wons, would ye behold !

And whenever, if ever, you do take
an oath, have a care to see to it that
not alone your tongue takes it, but
that your mind also is sworn. For
those, indeed, who had no other light
to lighten them but the light of
Nature, it would, if History may for
once be trusted, have been a work of
supererogation to caution them on
this wise. But there have not been
wanting of those who have had, not
alone the light of Nature, but the
light of Revelation too, of those who
have profest and called themselves
Christians, who have not scrupled
to discuss largely the question,

A treatise of
equivoca-
tion.

To —.

Plurality of
worlds.

“ Whether a Catholicke, or any other person, before a Magistrate, beying demanded, uppon his oath, whether such a Prieste were in such a place, may, notwithstanding his perfect knowledge to the contrary, without Periury, and securely in conscience, answere, No, with this secret meaning reserved in his mynde, That he was not there so that any man is bounde to detect it.” Pray you avoid this, the equivocation of the fiend that lies like Truth. For, this to do, is to go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. And though you should be an equivocator such as that you could swear in both scales at once against either, and should have committed treason enough for God’s sake, yet shall you never equivocate to heaven; but may chance instead to hear the porter elsewhere say to you at the last, O, come in, Equivocator!

But, Spirit of Intuition! what is it

I am talking of? Elsewhere, indeed? And everlasting bonfires? And where else, prythee? Who, in this year of—what are we to call it? human redemption, it wont to be called; but human redemption it won't, it seems, be called any longer; *On a changé tout cela*. Human redemption, forsooth! Redemption from what? Is it verily and indeed possible, and the fact, that there are yet to be found who are such laggards in the race as to believe in such a "Myth" as a "Fall"? Then may it be A myth. lookt for from such, if any such there be, and expected of them, that they should believe also in such another "Myth" as a "Redemption." But Another. what of that? Your Intuitions, and we that have "free thoughts," and "free feelings," it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. Who, I ask, in this year of—well, call it by

some other name, Sir, if you will, and what you will; the fact, be as be may, remains—eighteen hundred sixty and eight, is found to believe in such “Myths” as a “Fall” and a “Redemption”? And, by consequence, in “such a solid mass of horrors” as “the hideous tenet of a world of reprobation,” an elsewhere? For, why should any so believe? For because that it is written in a Book? So are other things, and many, written in a Book, in the self-same Book, and just as true are they as are those same “Myths.” And who that knows aught of Intuition would believe anything “founded on no rock of it, but on such crumbling base as the uncertain meaning of a few uncertain words in a book of most uncertain authority?” “A book, the evidence of whose authenticity would be insufficient to establish our claims,” says Intuition, “to the smallest

An enemy
hath done
this.

heritage disputed in an English Court of Justice." Well, "let every man," says that same Book, "be fully persuaded in his own mind." Only, as touching this last objection against the Book, it might be as well, Mr. Doe says, for Intuition, before he determines to resist a claim in an English Court of Justice, supported by a fraction, and a fraction only, of the evidence there is for the authenticity of the Book in question, to—consult his Solicitor.

And this is a sample of the "new New wine. wine," of which "it is clear enough," to Intuition, "that there is much in the world just now." Well, drink it who will. For my part, I am not a man who, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new. For, I say, the old is better.

But is not this a lamentable thing, Grandsire, that we should be afflicted with these strange flies, these Intui-

Old.

tion-mongers, long, long years after it has been shewn, almost to demonstration, as to all and whatsoever of this sort they have to say, that it is so clear a case that there is positively nothing in it; absolutely nothing more than my Uncle Toby could see in the Widow Wadman's eye. Strange, quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that a hundred two score years and more thereafter,—for it is absolutely no less since a chief Butler, whose name was Joseph, — to say nothing of the Origen, his foregoer by who does not know how many centuries, from whom his idea was derived,—furnisht an answer to all such comers, they should, these forepast proofs notwithstanding, give themselves such airs; reasoning, as meseems, much after the same sort as, long ages since, ere the new race of man was made, did once those others

who apart sat on a hill retired, and
reasoned high,

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Or as, later, he did who sat like a
cormorant once hard by the tree of
knowledge. But, who am I, that I ^{Judgment.}
should judge another man's servant?
To his own Master he standeth or
falleth. And "though Truth in
these controversies can only be on
one side, Sincerity may be on both.
And you may enjoy the holy hope,
that by an equal sincerity, through
the power of that blood which was
shed equally for all, both parties may
at last find equal mercy."

But, as I was saying, touching the <sup>Of monks,
and mon-
kery,</sup>
things of the which a monk is cap-
able. Bad, we have seen, begins, but
worse remains behind. For, over
and above the habit and the prac-
tick of adorning their speech with

that flower of Rhetoric, a habit and a practick which might, possibly, the proverbial force of example notwithstanding, be confined in its effects so as that those who were thereto addict might be nobody's enemies but their own, if indeed that may be ever said with truth; a habit and a practick there was of those same, which nor was, nor could be, relieved by any such redeeming quality or extenuating circumstance. I am not forgetting, Sir, that monks were men; that nuns had lips, and holy palmers too; that the wine they drank was made of grapes; that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. On the contrary part, bearing in mind this, as well as what nuns and palmers would appear alike to have forgot, until they found it by the fool's teacher, Experience, that Nature her custom holds, let shame say what it will, how may we nevertheless not

ask, was it for them to play with mamnets and to tilt at lips? And how shall we not also draw the conclusion, that the weariest and most loathed worldly life, that age, ache, penury, or imprisonment can lay on Nature, is a moral Paradise to what we know of Monks and Monkery? Nor think not, Sir Papist, that, this to say, is to devise impossible slanders. For it needs not that any should, by false accuse, level at Rome's fame. Out of her own mouth may those who are not of her be well content she should be judged, her own words stab her. Does she, or does she not, claim to be infallible? If she does, then would it be to insult every Protestant, at least, who can render a reason, to go about to show that she must be unchangeable too. Now, ^{past,} that such things were, as have been glanced at, Rome herself, all armed as she is with audacity from head to

foot, will scarce deny. For the inference, whomsoever it concerns, let
and present. him draw it. Suffice it to say that deeds to match these words may be found in the circumstances of a trial, whereof we have, some of us, been witnesses, the defence in which, in common with the accusation that gave it birth, would seem to have gone upon the supposition, apparently not without wit and judgment, that the Cowl and Contenance are incompatible; a trial which did offence and scathe in Christendom, beyond the power of either side to heal, and for which both parties could not but, and well deserved to, pay dear.

Anachron-
ism.

And abbots and monasteries are the institutions, and monks and friars (some nuns also) the men, whom and whose virtues and benefits, such as they are, noblemen and gentlemen, in this nineteenth century, somewhat fond of casting their longing, linger-

ing looks behind, into the dark backward and abysm of time, and forgetting, apparently, that they are Time's subjects, and that he bids move on; deceived, too, somewhat, it may be, by that enchantment which distance lends too often to the view; would fain recall, and so vanquish Time, and Fate; instead of, as, spite of themselves, in the end they must, dismissing the past with the comforting reflection, that every time serves for the matter that is born in it; or, in the words of Panurge the Panurge log. Crafty, "*le Temps enseigneroit quelque iour comme toutes choses ont esté inuentees en temps;*" and constraining their own time to its necessities; amongst which I, for my part, do, as at present advised, most powerfully and potently believe, and hold it only honesty to set down, are assuredly not to be reckoned Monks and Monkery.

Leaving, then, to those to whom

past and to come seem best, the present worst, to sigh over that which they cannot recall, we—you, Sir, I mean, and I—being minded, as we are, to be good Pantagruelists, that is to say, “to live in peace, and joy, and health,” let us resolve, as one mean towards bringing about a consummation so devoutly to be wisht, to follow the advice of the grand master of the science, and “have nothing to do with men that are” the successors of such who were “ever peeping out of a hole,” and are not un-fond to peep into holes themselves.

Farewell to
the Cloister.

But to quit the cloister in whose shade we have a while been mewed. If, I was saying, your memory be anything better than a sieve, and what you hear fall not upon your ears as profitless as water in that captious and intenible vessel, you will not need, after so brief space, to be

reminded that I had gotten so far in this Life which I am writing as to tell you that he whose Life it is was the son of a female, or, for your more sweet understanding, woman, whose name I could not name. And scant progress too, it may be, you think, to have made in all this while. But patient yourself, good sir, and pardon me if I walk somewhat leisurely over a bridge which, upon a survey of it, you shall find to consist of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that are entire, make up the number to about a hundred, the whole being, as upon further examination you may perceive, thickset with innumerable hidden pitfalls, through which the passengers in throngs fall ever and anon into the tide beneath, and immediately disappear; and which pitfalls make it very necessary to walk

The bridge
of 100 arches.

How a cat
walks.

circumspectly over the bridge. You know what it is to walk circumspectly? Did you ever see a cat walk along a wall set with broken glass? She walks circumspectly. And for yourself,

Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end.

A French
character
loquitur.

For besides that, as the one and only French writer of Character with whom I hold acquaintance tells me, "*Il n'y a point de chemin trop long à qui marche lentement, et sans se presser.*" No road is long to him who walks leisurely, and without hurrying himself. His Characters, by the way, are an admirable piece of painting; I think it is translated out of French into English. Besides this, I say, from one and another of those arches, views and prospects will be ever and anon soliciting the eye, which a man

of the least spirit, or woman, much more you, Madam, can no more help standing still to look at than he can fly; it being, as it needs not to tell one of your discernment, morally impossible for a historiographer, though he were but the historiographer of Alexander or Cæsar, much more for the historiographer of him whose Life I am writing, to drive on his history as a muleteer drives his mule, straight forward, without ever once turning his head aside, either to the right hand or to the left.

Forasmuch, however, as in writing the lives of men, which is called Biography, some authors place everything in the precise order of time when it occurred; and as my purpose is, as I have said, to relate not alone the story of his birth, whose Life I am writing, and the manner of his death, but also many things of worthy memory, which fell in the be-

‘Odorous
caparisons.’

I would if I
could.

tween ; you, Sir, mayhap, or, Madam, you, may have been looking for no less than that I should relate such things in order due as they fell out in his whole course of life, the story of his life from year to year. And fain would I have it so ; no man alive more fain than I, and make this Life which I am writing, orderly and well, even as, if I have writ the foregoing “mayhap” true, you have been looking that it should be made. Then might we eye successively by turns his infancy, his childhood, and his youth ; his manhood next, and so grow to a point. But when did ever wishes prove effects ? Or how make of a wanderer a fixed star ? I shall, indeed, of course, have to tell of all and each of the times and periods I have mentioned of his life whose Life I am writing. For Biography is to sayn the story of a Life. And he

that saith the story of a Life, what should he tell of, if not of the several times and periods of it? And of those times and periods what should he tell, if not the things therein of worthy memory? But marry, how? And after what fashion? After a right, straight-forward, one thing after the other sort of a style? I cannot do it. No more than could the nephew of my Uncle Toby, or he that wrote that '*livre de bonne foy*,' which, if you were a French gentleman, you would be ashamed not to have read, Michel, Lord of Montaigne. And, in the judgment of our Spectator, he and Seneca are patterns for writing in that kind, to wit, Essays. Betwixt the which book of the which lord, indeed, and this which you are here reading, there is this much, at least, in common, to wit, that "*il n'est rien si contraire à mon style qu'une narration estendue.*"

But, if I
could not,
how could I?

Or, if your mother tongue delight you more, then take it in the very words of Cotton, who made English the 'Essais' of the French lord: "There is nothing so contrary to my style as a continued and extended narrative." And, indeed, now I be-
think me of it, this is not the single and the sole respect in which there is somewhat in common betwixt this Life which I am writing and the Book of Essays of that French lord. "*Il y a des auteurs,*" says he, or, as Cotton makes him say, "There are some authors whose only end and design it is to give an account of things that have happened. Mine, if I could arrive unto it, should be to deliver what may come to pass." Therefore, unless it be the manner of your reading, as of likelihood it is, to read more in quest of knowledge than adventures, to make reflections and draw conclu-

Sterne
advice.

sions as you go along, to think as well as to read, to weigh and consider; why, then, without doubt, you had best incontinently alter your manner of reading; otherwise the adventures in quest of which you do read, and the knowledge in quest of which you do not read, might as well have been both alike still left in the bottom of the inkhorn.

Nor do not, pray you, read this Life which I am writing, in a hurry. Better far you read it in your easy chair. For this Life which I am writing is no Hurry-graph; no pencilling by the way; albeit, he whose Life I am writing was, of course, one of the people I had met. But this Life which I am writing is wrote How this book is wrote. painfully, like as Robin Redbreast covered the children in the wood with leaves, and with surroundings and belongings all its own. Painfully, I say, this Life which I am

writing is wrote ; not painfully. For the hours of composition of this Life which I am writing have been amongst the most luxurious and delightful hours of life ; albeit, it has never enticed me to pass fourteen hours at my desk in a state of transport. Painsfully, I say again, this Life which I am writing is wrote. For, as true it is that a little thing does not give perfection, as it is true that perfection is not a little thing. And for the belongings and surroundings with which this Life which I am writing is wrote, Mr. Doe could tell you, an he would, how that, chancing on a time to look in upon me when that I was engaged in writing this Life—his custom sometimes of an afternoon—he found me in the very act, and observed to me that the manner after which the god of his idolatry, the Commentator on the Laws of

A conversation
betwixt
the author
and a friend.

England, wrote his commentaries, was a good manner of writing, to wit, with a bottle of ink on one side of him, and a bottle of port on the other. But you, continued Mr. Doe, addressing himself to me, you seem to write with a bottle of ink, indeed, on one side of you, and a bottle of nothing on the other. Whereupon, to be even with Mr. Doe, Not so, I replied. I write indeed with a bottle of ink on one side of me, but not with a bottle of nothing on the other. A bottle of what, then? quoth Mr. Doe. I see no bottle on either side of you but the ink-bottle. What bottle? said I. Why, a bottle of spirit, sure. Spirit! quoth Mr. Doe, in amaze; what spirit? I see no spirit; yet all that is I see. What spirit? said I. Why that spirit, be sure, which our neighbours of the *entente cordiale* call *Esprit*.

But fair and softly I may cry, and

not cry so in vain. Otherwise, if I go on talking of this Life which I am writing after this sort, it may chance to prove one of the calamities of some author to come to take it in the sense he feels it, and to set down this same confident boasting, as he will dub it, among the Curiosities of Literature, and myself as one of the most complete votaries to the universal divinity, Vanity. Well, even so let any take it, and so let him set it down. What care I how they take it, or how set down? If only they will think of me, and only set me down, as one whose heart was, if not warm, yet not cold; as one whom poverty could never degrade, nor wealth either; and one whose spirit adversity never broke down, nor prosperity lifted too high.

How not to
read this
book.

Once more, do not read this Life which I am writing, by your fingers; as Basnage said of Bayle, of

the Dictionary, that he read by his. So to do is to run over a book, rather than to read it. And it is not every one that has the art of always falling upon that which is most essential and curious in the book he examines.

And if any objector should make objection against this Life which I am writing, for that, after the manner of that French Lord Essayer, I have, in his words, "*seulement fait icy un amas de fleurs estrangières, n'y ayant fourny du mien que le filet à les lier*;" or, in the words again of Cotton, "have only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them;" that, in the words of another, "I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff," you may stop his mouth with the honied and vinous words of a compiler of old time giving an account of his

Objections
set up to this
life,

And set
down.

*Aliquis
loquitur.*

compiling :—“*Sicut ex multis floribus mel apes colligunt, ex multis granis fit panis, ex multis racemis vinum confluit, multæque virtutes in solâ caritate soliduntur, sic præsens opusculum ex multis voluminibus scriptisque authenticis grato labore collegimus.*” “Like as from many flowers bees gather honey.”—You do not

The busy
bee.

forget, I hope, how the little busy bee gathers honey all the day from every opening flower. I would rather almost have written that, Sir, said a friend of mine, than Lost Paradise.

In Paradise.

Nor how in Paradise which was lost the bée sat, as indeed she sits still, on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet,—that Paradise Lost, I mean, which some, one Rymer tells us, are pleased to call a poem! And of which an Oxford Watch-man, a Green one, published erewhile a specimen of a new version, “by which,” quoth he, “that amazing work is brought some-

what nearer to perfection." And who it was who so wrote of the bee, you know; so that it needs not that any tell you Watts his name. And let not your intellectual grandeur, Mr. Double-First, nor, Mr. Senior-Op, yours, hear with a disdainful smile that short and simple moral song of the bee, because that it was wrote for children. How, in that city of the ^{A famous city.} Ægean, whereof mention hath already once been made, speaks one of her famous orators, one of those ancients whose resistless eloquence wielded at will that fierce democratie; he who was the companion of Plato and Xenophon; who assisted, perhaps, ^{Famous men.} with the historian Thucydides, in the first representations of the Œdipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia of Euripides; whose pupils, Æschines and Demosthenes, contended for the crown of patriotism in the presence of Aristotle, the master of Theo-

phrastus, who taught at Athens with the founders of the Stoic and Epicurean sects? What rays of glory, says an English Churchman, are here concentrated into one dazzling point! How, I say, on a time, long ere that moral song of the bee was wrote, spake Isocrates? or wrote?

Greek.

‘Ωσπερ γὰρ τὴν μελιτταν ὀρωμεν ἐφ’ ἅπαντα μὲν τὰ βλαστηματα καθίζανουσιν, ἀφ’ ἑκάστου δὲ τὰ βελτιστά λαμβανουσιν, οὕτω δεῖ, κ.τ.λ. That is how Isocrates spoke or wrote, for he spoke and wrote Greek, and that is Greek, Miss, and very pretty it looks, does it not? And very unintelligible too, methinks I hear you say. Well, I will not let you burst in ignorance, but will tell you what Isocrates would, or should, or might, have said or wrote, if he had spoke or wrote English instead of Greek. If, then, Isocrates had spoke or wrote English instead of Greek, he would,

or should, or might, have said or wrote, "For, like as we see the bee, ^{The English of it.} that she lights upon every flower, and gathers from each of the best of what it has to give, so" &c. "Like," to return, "as from many flowers bees gather honey, from many grains bread is made, from many bunches of grapes wine, and many virtues are bound up in the one virtue, charity; so have we with grateful labour collected together this present small work out of many and authentic volumes and writings." What need I then attempt or wish to conceal what you, or some or one of you, in spite of any and every such wish and attempt, can nevertheless hardly fail to discover, to wit, that if you should meet here with anything which you have not before attended to, anything new, it will not be in the things themselves which you will here meet with, these being for the most part, though not

all of them, not indeed obvious, but said already, at sundry times and by divers persons since the world began, some of them, too, said a great while ago; but if you should meet here with anything new, it will be in the application of the things you will here meet with. And I could wish there were more, and a more close Analogy betwixt this Life which I am writing and — but I may safely leave you to finish my wish. But this thing which I am here doing in this Life which I am writing, this very thing it is, or I mistake me, which Horace long, long ago, commended as egregious; that is, to wit, out of the common, differing from the crowd. “*Dixeris egregie*,” says Horace, in the most poetical of his poems:—

Ex grege.

Horatius loquitur.

“*Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.*”

O how may not we writers wish and

fain that Babel's curse had ne'er befallen our race, and cleft the world into so many tongues, but that the whole earth had been ever, and were still, as in the olden time 'fore that it was, of one language and one speech! Then should I have not needed to interpret betwixt Horace and you, and to tell you Howes' Horace, as above, been into English done by one of the many who have from time to time been at him. Thus then Howes :—

“Sometimes a dexterous phrase shall cheat
the view,
And lend to well-known words the air of
new.”

Though Horace, indeed, may have been egregiously mistaken in this matter, or we of this nineteenth century, or they of some intervening one, may have *changé tout cela*, altered all that. Albeit a greater than Horace—you, Miss, or Madam,

you know whom I do not name, be you Papist or Protestant. For if you be of the latter, then will you have read it many a time and oft, or, I may say, you are no true Protestant.

Slander, sir. And if you be of the former, then be-like you will have read it also, or I may say you are no true woman;—for, we all know the Bible is put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books;—in accordance with the law of feminine nature expounded by the satirical rogue who, in a certain book full of Pantagrueism, discourseth, “*Comment les femmes ordinairement appetent choses défendues.*” Which, as it might be thought unhandsome to wrap it in the more rawer breath of the vulgar tongue, I leave it in its native Lanternois. Content to ask this only question, What woman can live a woman forbid? This greater than Horace, I say, speaks in a certain place of bringing forth out

of one's treasury things new and old. And I would fain hope of you that you are not such an Athenian—Athenian, did I say? And why not Englishman? Does not our Spec-^{News-men.}tator tell us there is no humour in his countrymen which he is more inclined to wonder at than their general thirst after news? Nay, why not man? 'Tis Pliny, I think, who writes, "*Est natura hominum novitatis avida.*" Man is by nature greedy of news; you, nevertheless, are not, I say, such a—what you will, as to spend your time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.

And call, if so it like you, this ^{A cento in prose.} Life which I am writing a cento in prose. Why not? Have we not had a carol in prose? Then what should hinder that we should not have a cento? Nevertheless, this Life which I am writing is not

a cento in prose; it is the Life of him whose Life I am writing. Quotation, and true it is, there is in this Life which I am writing, and there was meant to be quotation in it, and quotation neither short nor far between. For I love a quotation, only too well; and I love, too, the man—or woman either—who has enough of learning to quote. He has not that dangerous thing, a little learning. Though how dangerous? It is better, sure, to have a little loaf than no bread. And who shall drink deep unless first he taste? I protest against this Pope-ish doctrine. And say even that this Life which I am writing had been so stuffed with quotations as that, if they were taken out of it, little of myself would remain, yet that needs not hinder but that an original turn may have been given to my thoughts. For it is simply a mistake to suppose that

A protest
against
Pope-ry.

Quotation on
quotation.

where there is no quotation there will be found most originality. And to suppose that no one would quote if he could think, a mistake like-wise. And I intend to be often quoted, and therefore I have quoted often.

For the manner, indeed, of my quoting, and whether I have quoted after such manner as to be set among the quoters who deserve the name, I leave to you to say. You will not forget that to make a happy quotation is a thing not easily to be done, as 'tis said. And whether or not it be true, as a Cardinal used to say, that the happy application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent ; or, as a philosopher, that there is not less invention in a just and happy inclination of a thought found in a book than in being the first author of that thought, yet true it is, and sure I am, that the art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than

those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract. And with this quotation I end these quotations on quotation.

Plagiarism
and
Euphemism.

And not only may you call this Life which I am writing a cento in prose, if so it like you; you may even farther call myself, and if you will, a professor of plagiarism, which, however, I take to be an euphemism for a (literary) thief merely, as who hath been at a great feast (of languages), and brought away some of the scraps. Well, even thieving may be with a difference.

Of thieves,
and
thievery.

There are thieves, one were accurst to rob in their company; and there are that can steal well, fine thieves. And such a thief am I, if thief I am. For, that that I have stolen it not unriches them whom I have robbed, and makes me rich indeed.

More Locke-
picking.

But to Locke up this matter at once and for good. If there be any

readers that like only new thoughts ; or, on the other side, others that can bear nothing but what can be justified by received authorities in print, I must desire them to make themselves amends in that part which they like for the displeasure they receive in the other ; but if any should be so exact as to find fault in both, truly I know not what to say to them. The case is a plain case ; the book is all over naught ; and there is not a sentence in it that is not, either from its antiquity or its novelty, to be condemned, and so there is a short end of it. And I have but to say, further, that I have written this Life after the manner that seemed most to the purpose, without expecting that all persons should agree in approving that manner. But if any objector against that manner thinks that some other manner would be a better manner of writing the

Life of him whose Life I am writing, he has only to write the Life of him whose Life I am writing himself, after such manner as he prefers.

Vanity of
vanities.

Nor, good my reader, do not, as some ungracious readers do, let your love of reading appear when there is no need of such vanity. To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. A time to read, and a time not to read; a time to travel, and a time not to travel. When, therefore, you read, read; and when you travel, travel. But no read and travel too, at one and the same time. For, so to do, what is it but wasteful and ridiculous excess? For, to every traveller, whether by river, road, or rail, do there not, and that without all provision on his part, two books stand ever open for his perusal? And would you but read a little therein,—

I speak now of the infinite Book of Nature,—and Nature, surely, if she ^{Nature,} will be studied is a good moralist, and hath much good counsel hidden in her bosom—you might hear the warbling woodland, the resounding shore; gaze on the pomp of groves, the garniture of fields, and find,—others have found,—tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, ay, and sermons in stones. Nay, some have had no other book than the heavens and the earth, and these, says one of such,—long was he wont to whirl the potter's wheel,—are known of all men, and given to all men to be known and read; given, however, in vain, if none regard. While some, alas! and woe was them! have Lost the Paradise of day, and sweet approach of even and morn,

And sight of vernal bloom, and summer's rose, <sup>A blind
man's song.</sup>
And flocks, and herds, and human face divine;

And clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounded them, from the cheerful ways of
men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to them expunged and
rased,
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

So mote it be with you ; you cannot
tell. Then now, while yet to you
Nature's broad volume is displayed,
open while you may your eyes and
see the many precious things which,
in the language of Paradise (though)
Lost, the arch-charmer sun with vir-
tuous touch produces, of colour
glorious and effect so rare ; the
lovely things, in speech Ion-ian, of
this delightful world. Howbeit, this
and all the much-transported Muse
can sing, even in summer-season, of
the great delegated source of light,
and life, and grace, and joy below, are,
as herself confesses, to his beauty,
dignity, and use, unequal far.

And then, is there not also the and Art.
Book of Art? Is there nothing to
read in the appliances and means by
which your journey is performed?
Appliances and means which answer
the inquiry they prompt,

What cannot Art and Industry perform
When Science plans the progress of their toil?

And besides all this, there are your
fellow-travellers; the face of each
one of whom is as a book, where you
may read strange matters. There
may you ply your art, if such an
art you have; and, if you will take
the opinion of a Spectator in this
matter, every one is in some degree
a master of that art which is gene-
rally distinguished by the name of
physiognomy; and naturally forms
to himself the character or fortune
of a stranger from the features and
lineaments of his face—there, I say,
may you ply your art to find the

mind's construction; and there may you make observation of the heart's meteors tilting. I say not these things to suggest you from your books which you read; on the contrary, I say, read them still. But read them when time and place adhere. And remember that to read well, or to travel well, or to do whatever else your hand findeth to do, well, you must do it with your might; and do it, too, in the spirit of the expostulation with which a preacher on a time expostulated with a braying ass who, while the preacher was preaching, 'gan sing most loud and clear; whereupon the preacher expostulated with the ass, thus, "One at a time, brother."

Next of kin.

The Wanderer's
return; and
fresh
wandering.
The reason
why.

But let me now recover my wandering. He whose Life I am writing, then, was the son,—but give me some breath, dear Sir, some little pause, before I positively speak in

this. For, as I would not willingly be doubting when I might be positive, so would I, on the other hand, not be positive out of season. Every fool, you know, may believe, and pronounce confidently; but wise men will conclude firmly. And I am no more minded to impose on your faith by positiveness in relating matters of fact, than to impose on your understandings by magisterialness in matters of opinion and speculation. As concerning which latter, indeed, I would be understood to be not so fond of those I hold as to boast of their certainty; proposing them, not in a confident and assertive form, but as probabilities and hypotheses. For, if any affirm, or this or that, and will not believe with me the contrary, because he hath probable reasons for it, and I no infallible sense or reason against it, I will not quarrel with his assertion.

An Irish
philosopher.

For that right of private judgment I challenge for myself, how shall I, with any show of consistency, deny to you? Else should the reciprocity, as some son of Erin well expressed it, be all on one side.

Distinction,
and differ-
ence.

You see I make distinction between matters of fact and matters of opinion. In the doing of which, you may, if you please, see an instance of the Influence of Authority in matters of Opinion. Albeit I am of opinion that I should have been of the same opinion as to the existence of such distinction, and should have made such distinction, between matters of fact and matters of opinion, although there should not have existed any authority to influence me in this matter of opinion. Although, to instance, the Lord Archbishop of Logic and Rhetoric had not discoursed of “the first and great distinction between testimony to

An Arch-
bishop *log.*
again;

matters of fact, and to matters of opinion." Nor the Bishop of An-^{A Bishop ;}logy had reminded us that "every one, surely, in every case, must distinguish between opinions and facts. And though testimony is no proof of enthusiastic opinions, or of any opinions at all, yet it is allowed in all cases to be a proof of facts." Nor he who so well understood the Conduct of the Understanding had de-<sup>a Philoso-
pher ;</sup>livered it as his opinion that "writers of this or former ages may be good witnesses of matters of fact which they deliver, which we may do well to take upon their authority ; but their credit can go no farther than this ; it cannot at all affect the truth and falsehood of opinions, which have no other sort of trial but reason and proof, which they themselves made use of to make themselves knowing ; and so must others, too, that will partake in their knowledge."<sup>and a
Chancellor.</sup>

Nor the Great Lord Chancellor of Learning as well as of Law had given judgment to the effect that "the facility of credit, and accepting or admitting things weakly authorised or warranted, is of two kinds, according to the subject; for it is either a belief of history, or, as the lawyers speak, matter of fact; or else of matter of art or opinion." I say, without these, or any the like instances to influence me in this matter of opinion, I should have made distinction between matters of fact and matters of opinion. For matters of fact and matters of opinion are, in my opinion, things which differ; and things which differ are, you know, the things as to which there is not wanting authority, as you know, of course, to influence you in making distinction between them. But *exempla docent*; example does it, as Mr. Boots might have done it

E. g.

into English. I am writing this Life—That, I take it, is matter of fact. But whether I am writing this Life well which I am writing, as the Life of him ought to be written whose Life I am writing; that, I take it again, is matter of opinion.

“Some seyne he did well enough;
And some seyne, he did amis;
Diuers opinions there is.”

And, indeed, 'tis ten to one this Life which I am writing can never please all that read it. But if it can but bear the merciful construction of the ladies; if, Madam, you will but smile, and, Madam, you, and ladies all, and say, “’Twill do, I know, within a while, all the best men are mine. For 'tis ill hap, If they hold when their ladies bid them clap.” For the ladies, you know, Sirs, rule without laws, judge without a jury, decide without appeal,

Petticoat
government.

and are never in the wrong,—they say.

While, however, in matters of opinion and judgment, this is so, as I have been saying; as we see the same both acknowledged and universally practised throughout the world; in matters of fact there is some credit to be given, as 'tis said, to the testimony of man. But then the matter, albeit matter of fact, must be matter which requires, or admits of, testimony; and, by parity of reason, the testimony must be testimony such as the matter of fact admits of, or requires. Now, that the present business that now's upon us is matter of fact, will hardly be denied, I trow; of any. For what is that business? Why, the parentage of him whose Life I am writing. For was not I about to tell you that he whose Life I am writing was the son of—somebody or other?

And that he whose Life I am writing being the son of somebody or other, is matter of fact, and not matter of opinion, is a matter, I take it, upon which there can be but one opinion. For what is opinion?—A very monster, by-the-bye, is opinion, if what I read in Mr. Doe's books be true about it. Where I read of a certain Counsellor, an Irish one, that his opinion in a certain street was one thing, and his opinion elsewhere was another. And of a certain other Counsellor, a Serjeant-at-Law, or I do mistake me, who might not put off his opinion so easily; nay, who saw no reason in a guinea, for changing his opinion. A very despot, too, is opinion; the excellent grand tyrant of the earth. *Mundus regitur opinionibus*; The world is governed by opinions; says the adage. "*Je voudrais de bon cœur*," says the great French Thinker, "*voir le livre ita-*

A monster.
A despot.
A Penseur loquitur.

lien, dont je ne connais que le titre, qui vaut lui seul bien des livres, 'Della Opinione, Regina del Mondo.'

J'y souscris sans le connaitre, sauf le mal, s'il y en a." I would with all my heart see the Italian book, of which I know but the title, which itself is worth many books, 'Of Opinion, the Queen of the World.' I subscribe thereto, without being acquainted with it, any evil there is in it excepted, if any there be. And the Saxon monk exclaims upon it, "*O doxa, doxa, quam es communis noxa.*" A common nuisance art thou, O opinion! But, counsellors and monks apart, what, I ask, is opinion?

A monk.

A Protestant's opinion.

Opinion, as he understood it who shewed that safe way I have already referred to, is an assent; "it is always built upon less evidence than that of sense or science; and admits degrees."

The opinion of a man of

Or, as he who undertook the Con-

duct of the Understanding expostu-
 lates, "it is the admitting or receiving
 any proposition for true, upon ar-
 guments or proofs that are found
 to persuade us to receive it as true,
 without certain knowledge that it is
 so." Or, to take another, and what
 some take to be an altogether Hale
 and sound definition of opinion:
 "Opinion is, when the assent of the
 understanding is so far gained, by
 evidence of probability, that it
 rather inclines to one persuasion
 than to another; yet not altogether
 without a mixture of uncertainty
 and doubting." And the Philosopher
 of the Unconditioned says, "Opinion
 is the admission of something as true,
 where, however, neither insight nor
 feeling is so intense as to necessitate
 a perfect certainty." *E contra*, then,
 when there is but one persuasion to
 which the understanding can incline,
 where is opinion? It is excluded,

understand-
ing.

Of a Hale
man.

An uncon-
ditioned
opinion.

sure; as also is the evidence by which, in cases of probability, that assent of the understanding is gained which results in opinion. Now, the question whether he whose Life I am writing was or was not the son of somebody or other, is a question as to which, methinks, there is but one persuasion to which the understanding can incline. And the one and only persuasion to which the understanding of any man who has not lost his understanding can incline, on the question whether he whose Life I am writing was or was not the son of somebody or other, and that without any mixture of uncertainty or doubting, is, that he whose Life I am writing was the son of somebody or other. His being the son of somebody or other, then, is a matter of fact, and not a matter of opinion; and a matter of fact, too, so full of proof in itself as it does

not require,—may I not say, it does not admit of?—proof or testimony.

Why, then, you inquire, did I ask Question.
you to give me some little pause before I positively spoke in this matter, if this matter be indeed a matter such as I have been insisting upon it that this matter is? I will Answer.
tell you why. I have said that I was about to tell you that he whose Life I am writing was the son of somebody or other. And so I was. But I was not about to tell you so *totidem verbis*. Nor was that the whole of what I was about to tell you. For that you knew already. But that was but a part of what I was about to tell you. For I was not about to tell you, simply and solely, and in so many words, that he whose Life I am writing was the son of somebody or other, and there an end. But I was about to tell you

who the somebody or other was of whom he whose Life I am writing was the son. I was about to tell you, and now at length do tell you, and not without some confidence, that he whose Life I am writing was the son,—of his father and mother. I grant you there was nothing in that more than common; nothing but what was in the beaten way of Nature in such matters. Albeit you may read, in a certain Book, of one, and him a king, who is therein spoken of as “without father, without mother, without descent.” And as concerning whom ecclesiastical gossip tells of some by whom the opinion was held that he in very deed had neither father nor mother. And, if it should chance, as chance it may, in these days of intuition, that your faith in that same certain Book is at this present eclipsed, you may read in a certain other book,—

A⁷fact.

Various
readings.

as concerning which it is a small matter what has been, is, or shall be, the past, present, or future phase of your faith, or whether you have now, had ever, or ever shall have, any faith therein soever,—of one other, a king, too, he, who is there said to have been “*natum patre nullo* ;” born of no father. Moreover, what saith the Law? the Law, I mean, under the All about the Law. which you and I are living in this our England?—What I here say of the Law, and elsewhere in this Life which I am writing, I am indebted to my friend Mr. Doe for, and his books, having learned from him, with what ability I might, which way to direct my observation, and how to make use of what I observe. But of course Mr. Doe is not to be held responsible for what I say of the Law.—What, I say, saith the Law? Why, that a man may be *nullius filius* ; which, being

interpreted, is the son of no one, you know, Sir. And the Law, you know farther, — *teste* one Coke, and a testy one he was, who wrote more than one book of what he was pleased to intitule its Institutes,—is the perfection of reason. For reason, quoth our Coke,—Cook, the wise him call, Madam, so Mr. Doe tells me,—is the life of the Law; nay, the Common Law itself is nothing else but reason. All which, as I ventured to observe to Mr. Doe, may be true, for aught that I could say to the contrary. Only I was tempted to ask, If the Common Law was the perfection of reason in Coke his days, what is it now in our days, after all the cooking it has undergone in the I don't know how many years that have made up the interval? But Mr. Doe enlightened my darkness, and answered me in a trice, pointing out to me that when

Coke says that the Common Law is nothing else but reason, he goes on to add that this is to be understood of an artificial perfection of reason, gotten by long study, observation, and experience, and not of every man's naturall reason. And with this explanation, this commentary of Coke upon himself, I was fain to be satisfied, if not convinced. I cannot but myself hope, however, and think, too, notwithstanding the great names of Coke and Doe, and the deference due to this as well as that, that, if the Common Law is nothing else but reason, yet reason, nevertheless, is not nothing else but the Common Law. However, the Law, Coke saith further,—as, indeed, being the perfection of reason, how should it not?—respecteth the order and course of Nature. And yet the Law saith, as above, that a man may be the son of no one! Reconcile,

who can, these seeming opposites, and clear these ambiguities who will. The laws of England are not at my commandment. And no man, saith yet once again the great legal Coke, of his own private reason ought to be wiser than the Law.

Be as be may, however, he whose Life I am writing was not the son of no one, but he was the son of some one; or, if you will, of some two; to wit, as I have said, of his father and mother. Albeit, father and mother is man and wife, and man and wife is one flesh. Moreover, he whose Life I am writing was not the son of his father and mother in the course of Nature only; but he was the son of his father and mother by order of Law also; if, that is, the case of *Falconbridge v. Falconbridge*, reported by Shakespeare, '*Histories*,' Title '*King John*,' Act i. Scene 1. be Law, a matter for which, as it

decerns them nearly, I put you over to any husband who has married a wife. For his father's wife, whose Life I am writing, did after wedlock bear him whose Life I am writing; or, conversely, his mother whose Life I am writing had a husband for her bed ere she had a son for her cradle. Argal, he whose Life I am writing was the son of his father and mother. *Q. E. D.*

But, indeed, however the case might have been by order of Law, in the course of Nature he whose Life I am writing fathered himself.

"I have always considered," quoth Very natural. he who was not only "graced with all the power of words," but, which is more, "so known, so honoured in the House of Lords,"—how Colley Cibber (Phœbus! what a name!) translated this, who does not know?—

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench
Walks ;"

“I have always considered,” quoth that Murray in whom Pope lamented “so sweet an Ovid lost,”—“I have always considered,” said Lord Mansfield,—and in that same House,—“I have always considered likeness as an argument of a child’s being the son of a parent; and the rather, as the distinction is more discernible in the human species than other animals; a man may survey ten thousand people before he sees two faces perfectly alike; and in an army of a hundred thousand men, every one may be known from another. If there should be a likeness of feature, there may be a discrimina-
cy of voice, a difference in the gesture, the smile, and various other characters; whereas a family likeness runs generally throughout all these, for in everything there is a resemblance, as of features, size, attitude, and action.” Thus he whose Life I am writing

bore his father's features, and, indeed, was as like unto his father as possible is a creature to be. In him you might behold, although the print were little, the whole matter and copy of his father—eyes, nose, lip, the very trick of his frown, his forehead; the very mould and frame of hands, nails, fingers. In brief, a stronger instance could not well have been of like father like son; the one being as like the other as cherry is to cherry; or, to use the more pointed simile of the nurse who welcomed him, the son, to life, as ^{A pointed simile.} like as two pins.

And yet withal, he whose Life I am writing was all his mother's, from the top to the toe. Insomuch that curiosity in neither of his parents ^{Which is which?} could make choice of either's moiety. And which of them soever you had considered in him, ye wolde have thought that he had taken that one

for his onely studie. Thus all was semblative his parents' part. But of this no more at present. By and bye, in some subsequent and fit place in this Life which I am writing, I shall hope to description him to the life whose Life I am writing, if I be capacity of it.

Where to be
born;

and when.

He whose Life I am writing was born in the chamber in which preparation had stood for some time in expectation of him; and, as the good goddess Nature would have it, some three months, or so, before Phœbus' cart had gone round Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground, since the day wherein the son and daughter of Adam and Eve who were predestinated to become his father and mother whose Life I am writing, having as yet been two, were by Holy Church incorporate and made one. I could be absolute as to the very and precise hour, nay minute,

of his birth ; to say nothing of the day of the week, or month, or season of the year ;—inasmuch as I find a recordation made of the event, with all circumstance, in the handwriting of his father, in the Family Bible. But bootless 'tis to *N'importe.* tell you, in such particular, when he was born whose Life I am writing ; whether at morn, or noon, or in the posteriors of the day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon, or at dewy eve, or at the middle of night by the kitchen clock ; whether at eye-hour, or knee-hour, or leg-hour, or nose-hour, or mouth-hour, or hand-hour, or belly-hour ; whether on 'This day or 'That day ; on St. A.'s day or St. Z.'s day ; on All Saints' Day or All Fools' Day ; on Lammas day or Washing day ; on the Eve of St. John or the Eve of St. Jerry : or in one of those three days, or nights, in the which, saith

Bede the Venerable, if a man child be born, without doubt his body shall continue whole and entire unto the Day of Judgment;—and which three days and nights they be, is it not written in the books of the same Venerable Bede?—whether in the season of December's snows, in the wild depths of winter, and all amid the rigours of the year; or when the sun's perpendicular heat illumined the depths of the sea, and made the fishes begin to sweat; whether in spring, when green geese are a breeding; or in autumn, when greener ones are eaten.

*Quantum
suff.*

Let it be suffigence to tell you that he whose Life I am writing was not sent before his time into this breathing world, but came most carefully upon his hour, to the no small relief of her who bare him; who, however, having after a mother's pains brought forth a mother's hope, remembered no more the anguish, for joy that a

man was born into the world; and to the not less satisfaction of his father, who, under the influence, whether of that enchantment which distance is sung to lend to the view, or whatever else, thought it could not but be a happy thing to be the father unto a son.

So when the folk it to his father told,
Not only he, but all his household, merry
Was for this child, and God they thank and
herie.

Nor does it more import you, I trow, to learn the whereabouts of his birth whose Life I am writing, than the whenabouts. Whether he was born in the land of the Rose, or in the land of the Shamrock, or in the land of the Thistle. Whether in the country, which man did not make; or in the town, which he did; in the Isle of Man, or the Isle of Dogs; in the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Skye. This know, however,

that he whose Life I am writing was born in, and a subject of, that one and only of earth's empires on which you have the authority of one, not the least among her not few great men, for saying that the sun never sets; and you have the authority of another, who would count it something to be the least among those great men, for adding that he whose Life I am writing would have been by no means alone the sluggard of the earth, if he had lived and died in that empire, without having even so often, or so seldom, if that like you more, as even once, seen the sun rise upon it. For, up in the morning's no but for few, up in the morning early; for all that La Mancha's knight long since declared, and declared truly too, that he who is not up with the sun does not enjoy the day; and a Spectator could nowhere meet with a more glorious or

*The Don
loquitur.*

pleasing show in Nature than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun.

He whose Life I am writing In bed. was born in bed; and when he was born, he cried; after the manner of all new comers to this great stage of fools; whose manner it is, as your doctor, Madam, will tell you, or nurse, the first time that they smell the air, they wawl and cry. Like Adam, while as yet he had no help meet for him, he whose Life I am writing was an odd-fellow, forasmuch as that he came into the world alone, —*solus*, as in the Latin it is; or was, when I was a child,—by himself; unaccompanied, that is, to wit, by other or others, male or female; not in the Poll, as you say at Cam- In the Poll. bridge, Sir. Thus he whose Life I am writing might be said to be at once a freshman, and the senior and sole wrangler of his year. Like

the man of Uz, he whose Life I am writing came into the world naked; and not the man of Uz himself brought less into the world than he did whose Life I am writing.

Less than
kind.

The birth of him whose Life I am writing was not signalised by any signs that marked him extraordinary, and shewed he was not in the role of common men. The sun did not stay in his course to solemnize the day, nor was he loth to set when it was done. The moon came not more nearer earth than she was wont, nor did the stars shoot madly from their spheres to kiss the valleys; no comets brandisht their crystal tresses in the sky. The sure and firm-set earth stood sure and firm-set as before, without being feverous or shaking. The winds indeed may have raged, and the sea waxt mad; and the thunder and lightning have crackt and flasht. But so they

would have done at the same season, if his mother's cat had but kittened, and he himself whose Life I am writing had never been born.

And the like negligent and loose The unkindest cut of all. regard to that which sun, moon, and stars, and the rest regarded it withal, did human mortals,—or, that I lie not, the more part of them; all, to wit, that were not of kith or kin to him,—lay upon his birth whose Life I am writing. They went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandize. And yet the birth of him whose Life I am writing was an event,—common as it might seem, such as he being added to the world daily,—deserving, methinks, of being otherwise recepted by human mortals, his fellows, at least; an event fit, if you consider it, to give them pause. For, do you know what a What is man? man is? Something what man is I have told you already. Something

more what man is I hope to tell you when time and place adhere. For this time I can stay only to tell you, He is Creation's pride, Heaven's darling child, whom Nature's best, divinest, gifts adorn. He is more. He is the heir of all eternity; and must live hereafter, in another world than this. For this world, you know, is not for aye, but shall wear out to nought. And this quintessence of dust, this compounded clay, man; alike the poor, bare, unaccommodated animal that herds him with swine, and rogues forlorn, in short and musty straw; and the pretty thing that goes in doublet and hose, and in whatsoever other hidings and disguises men have antickt themselves withal; must endure his going hence, even as his coming hither. But whither, O whither?

A blank.

I have said that he whose Life I am writing was the son of his father

and mother. If, however, you ask me, Who they were, or of what house he was by his “fader kyn,” leaving his mother on one side, I must needs confess I am at a loss to make you a wholesome answer. I have no grand Chronicle to the which I may remit you to know the genealogy and antiquity from whence he is come to us whose Life I am writing. Nay, I can find no note on his parents, or either of them, though I have searched impossible places for it. So little memory, indeed, would they seem to have left of who they were, that I may scarce affirm of them so much even, in the same sense at least, or so little, if that like you better, as I have affirmed, and proved to demonstration, as I take it, of him whose Life I am writing himself; to wit, that he was the son of his father and mother. And, among other

causes of that lack of knowledge under which I labour, in this particular, and must be content to leave you, is the fact that his father whose Life I am writing, was born when as yet there was not in this realm, this England, any other Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, than the “porochial” register; and the “porochial” register of the parish in the which his father was born, whose Life I am writing, account for it who will, and as he may, does not contain any entry or mention of the birth of his father whose Life I am writing. He himself, indeed, whose Life I am writing, had no difficulty in accounting for this effect; or rather say for this defect,—for this effect defective, as he said, came by cause; and the cause by which he thought that this effect defective came was, not that there had

never been any entry in the register of the birth of his father, but that the entry of the birth of his father had been removed from the register by some person or persons unknown. And thereby hangs a tale, which, be-like, I may tell you at some time in the course of this Life which I am writing. At present I leave it untold, and go on to say that neither can I more say of his successors gone before him than I can say of him whose Life I am writing himself. I imagine, indeed, that his father whose Life I am writing lost a father, and that that father lost his: *Et sic de similibus*: Insomuch as, spite alike of erring reason and of querulous discontent, this, and this only way, hath God, Creator wise, yet found to generate mankind. But the only pedigree I have to tell of his father whose Life I am writing—for he had no

Very like,
very like.

name, no title, only that name was given him at the font,—is a pedigree of three-score and some years. A silly time, you say, to make prescription of a house's worth. Even so, my Lord Duke. But what though? In his birth he was not guilty, since Nature cannot choose his origin. And there may be knights of the family of the Smiths, and especially as every man is the son of his own works. And if we take a list, —it is

South loquitur.

One South, a famous preacher reckoned,
Who often preacht 'fore Charles the Second,

who speaks,—“If,” he says, “we take a list of the most renowned philosophers in former ages, and the most eminent divines in the latter, we shall find that they were for the most part of mechanical, plain, and plebeian parentage. Upon which score also,” he continues, “there came to be so

many free schools, and endowed places of learning; because they are most apt to send their children to study, who, being poor and low, are not able to maintain it." But say that his father whose Life I am writing had come of a line of kings, and that his mother had been daughter unto one of noble blood. What advantageth it a man to be of *Cui bono?* blood, unless he be of honour too? For whether is greater, blood, which is inherited, or honour, which is acquired? For our bloods, of colour, weight, and heat, poured altogether, would quite confound distinction. For we ben alle of oon fader, and of ^{A Person} *loquitur.* oon moder, and alle we ben of oon nature, roten and corrupt, bothe riche and pore. For to pride him of his gentrie, then, and to be hardy and prowde bycause of the grate lynage that he is comen of, is ful gret folye. And honours best thrive, one says,

when rather from our acts we them derive than our foregoer. For one man, another says, is no more than another, unless he does more than another. Will you, then, being a man of your breeding, be content to hide your honour in your necessity, and wrap yourself in a greatness, if greatness it be, which was thrust upon you, and which you could not choose but be clothed withal? Would it not, think you, better fit your gentrie to endeavour deeds to match it?

A Wife's
Tale.

“For he is gentil that doth gentil deeds.
While he that wol have pris of his gentrie,
For he was boren of a gentil hous,
And had his eldres noble and vertuous,
And nyl hymselfe do no gentil dedes,
Ne folw his gentil auncestor that deed is,
He is nought gentil be he duk or erl.”

Rather does he give occasion to the enemies of his order to blaspheme against it, and to whosoever will to doubt there is some blot upon his scutcheon. “For it is one of the

A Person's.

general signs of gentillesse, a man to have a noble harte and a diligent, to attaigne to hihe vertuous things. And sothe, oon maner gentry is for to prayse, (and oon only) that appaillith mannes corage with vertues and moralities, and maketh him Cristes child. For Crist wol we clayme of him oure gentillesse, nought of owre selves."

Such is a Persone's Tale, in the days of Geoffrey Chaucer, Knt. And such and who does not wish were all persones' tales, now in the days of us,—you, Sir, I mean, and me,—and ever. If you will be at the pains to do so, you shall find that I quote from the Wright Edition of the Tales; the right edition being, as I take it, the best, of all tales, whether persones' tales or what other tales soever. And your Guardian will tell you that title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill

*Guardian
loquitur.*

one more contemptible; and that Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and, indeed, the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man valuing himself upon his ancestors; and endeavouring to shew that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth.

But do I, then, make no account of gentillesse, and mannerly distinction leave out betwixt the prince and beggar? The God who maketh men to differ forbid! As soon would I think of holding low descent in equal hate with cowardice and falsehood. For in truth the high-born have much advantage, every way, and not the least because that unto them is committed the luxury of doing good. I say, then, shew me your gentillesse by your deeds, and not your gentillesse without your deeds. For these it is that make the man,

the want of them the fellow, the rest is all but leather or prunella.

Nevertheless, not to give offence or grieve, and to shew what store I set by gentillesse or birth, I will even tell you of that of him whose Life I am writing. For, base and unlustrous as he was as some men count baseness, — heralds, to wit, whose language has been said, by a Middle-Age Philosopher, to be the language that speaks to the eye of pride, and their science the science of those who despise every other;— and albeit I must needs confess the fear that o’ershades me, and draws within the compass of suspect the title of his father whose Life I am writing to be called a gentleman, either by his own countrymen or by them of France, forasmuch as that, for aught that ever I could hear, by him himself whose Life I am writing or by any other, he would

A philoso-
pher, M.A.

seem to have neither kept a gig nor read Montaigne ;—and, if no gentleman, why, then, no arms. But what though ? “ *Les armoiries*,” says our French gentleman-maker, “ *n’ont de seureté, non plus que les surnoms*.” Coats of arms have no more security than sir-names, as he makes him say who did him into English. Though, as you see, Sir, that “he” has not made that “him” say right. But that by the way. And after setting forth the arms he bore himself, “What right,” our Lord Philosopher asks, “have I to appropriate this device to my family ? A son-in-law will transfer it to another family ;”—“he may quarter, Coz, by marrying,”—“or some paltry purchaser will make mine his first arms : there is nothing, in short, wherein there is more change and confusion.”—Notwithstanding, I say, the fear that o’ershades me ;—though, sooth to say, and not to do

A Slender
and Shallow
saying.

him wrong, he (his father, you wot, whose Life I am writing), was not wanting in characterising marks of a gentleman, as he himself, at least, ever considered them. It shall be suffigance here to make mention of two such marks: . He always dresst ^{An English gentleman;} plainly, and he never walkt fast: Being wont to say, as the result of observation by himself made, and by others, as I have many a time and oft heard him tell whose Life I am writing, that a gentleman is never in a hurry; and that the higher a gentleman rises (in England) the plainer he dresses. And here let me draw rein a while to ask, What was the outward and visible sign of gentleman, ere Montaigne ^{A French.} was revealed in France, or, in England, gig discovered? And whether did the philosopher come before the vehicle, or the vehicle before the philosopher? If the *diphhriscus* for ^{An Athenian.}

which, *teste* Aristophanes, Amynias charged three *minæ*, was the sign of gentleman, *καλος καγαθος*, of Athens, the question of priority would seem to be settled against the man, and in favour of the machine. There would still, however, remain, for us of these latter days, the question, whether this property of gig is peculiar to gig proper, or common alike to

Buggy, whisky, gig, and dog-cart,
Curricie and tandem.

This last-named, however, I am told, *at length* has gone out of fashion. Notwithstanding, to proceed, the fear which I say o'ershades me, I nevertheless dare and do affirm, that he whose Life I am writing was not unpropt by ancestry.

He was of great descent, and high,
For splendour and antiquity.

Long lines. He was come of a line full of state

and ancientry. A line not to be out-run by any the longest of them all who came in with Richard Conqueror;—which, by the way, is all, as I have read, that many of them did;—A line that can boast the breed of as noble bloods as Rome, majestic with long glories; or Athens, glorying in its mother earth; or even those who thought to say within themselves, “We have Abraham to our father.”

He from celestial origine
Derived himself in a right line.

For was not he whose Life I am writing a son of Adam? And was not Adam the son of——But whose son Adam was, is it not written in the genealogy of Luke the Physician? Which genealogy will give you ample and large warrant for believing,—I speak as a fool,—will shut you up straightly to believing,—if, that is, you believe the genea-

The Persone
log. : again.

N. B.

The world
before the
Flood.

Digression.

logy, — that all we have, as the persone tells us again, “oon fader fleisschly, and oon moder, that is to sain, Adam and Eve; and eek oon fader spiritual, and that is God of Heven.” And I hope here is a pedigree fitted. May you like it. But can Stuart or Nassau go higher? I trow not. No, nor that long-descended gentleman of Cambria, there hight its king, in whose genealogical Roll a marginal N.B., as I have somewhere read, informs the peruser, “About this time the world was created.” Nor that somewhat more modest, but withal far-backward-reaching Highland laird, whose boast it was, as I have been told, and yet may be, that an ancestor of his rode out the Deluge in “a boat o’ his ain!”

But stop, Ladies and Gentlemen, stop and consider, before we further go, the considerate impartiality of

that "N.B." "About this time!" They tell of the glorious uncertainty of the Law. But if the uncertainty of the Law be glorious, the uncertainty of that N.B. exceeds in glory. And yet it is not alone in its glory. "As to my master's age, gentlemen," said Catterfelto, "I cannot speak precisely: but when I first engaged in his service, which is now 500 years ago, come Michaelmas, or it might be Bartlemy-tide,—I cannot be particular to a day,—my master appeared just as old as he does now." But this, you say, is fiction. So it is. And that N.B. a jest. So be it. And now for what there are who would think it a jest to call no fiction, and a fiction, to call it no jest. What are the tenets and teachings of Geology as touching the time when the world was created, and the time within which? Ask Argument, yon pickt man of Science. How

much less uncertain is the sound he gives you in reply, than is that N.B. ? And if you hint, as gently, it may be, as any sucking dove, that the Records of its creation make the poor world to be almost six thousand years old, and no more, the man of Science makes you the retort courteous, that the poor world makes itself to be not almost six thousand, but he knows not how many millions of years old. If again you hint, as touching the time within which the world was created, that the testimony of the Records is that it was created in the space of six days,—six days, that is, to wit, of four-and-twenty hours each,—the man of Science sends you the quip modest, that that is not the Testimony of the Rocks. And therefore, as though Geology would be nothing if not positive, as if it would fain take rank as Positive Philosophy, the man of

Science suggests that there must be some mistake somewhere ; not indeed in the Records, but in the reading of them. For, however it may have been in days gone by, now-a-days it would seem to be confest that the Records, which are in effect the Records of Him who made that of which they are the Records, the Science, which is some thousands of years after, cannot disannul, that it should make the Records of none effect. And so, as has been said, the mistake is suggested to be, not in the Records, but in the reading of them. Which, of course, may well enough be. As also it may, of course, well enough be that the mistake, if mistake there is, is in the reading of the Rocks. And to this reply churlish, if such she please to consider it, let Science administer what reproof valiant she may. To me, not much conversant with these things, but sometimes for awhile con-

and Agree-
ment.

Beyond this
visible diur-
nal sphere.

sidering them, it has ever seemed that there cannot, in the nature of things, and by the conditions of the case, be other than a seeming discrepancy between the two, and that,—and of this I have a confident hope—in some way or other, not, it may be, as yet to Science known, it must be very easily possible to reconcile, and set at one, the Records and the Rocks.

And if we may not unfold the secret of this world of ours, this one world, how unfold the secret of other worlds? May we think to find the matter of the Plurality of Worlds to be less high matter than we have found the matter of the Unity of the World to be? The Unity, I mean, of the Testimony of the Records and the Testimony of the Rocks. True it is, in the matter of the Plurality of Worlds we have not to reconcile and set at one the Records and Rocks. For Rocks there are none

to give Testimony unto this matter. And for the Records, they say not whether there be Plurality of Worlds or not. One, indeed, saith, writing to Hebrews,—whether Paul, or only a Pauline man; only a Pauline man! —“Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God.” But what worlds? Well, two at least there needs must be. Is it possible to make the best of both these? So to do is, I suppose, the hope of the Christian, be the creed of the Philosopher what it may. Meantime, while some would set it down among the Difficulties of Belief in reference to Creation that the Arch-Architect,—you know the pas-
A Middle-Age Philosopher *log.*
sage; it is in your School-books, and needs not be quoted here;—and the fascinating paradox, as once it seemed, that the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, are full of inhabitants, our children are now taught to lisp; yet

An Inca
loquitur.

others there are, or were, who found it no difficulty to believe the opposite to this paradox. Witness he who in the Portugal tongue, in words which may be done into English as under may be read, disposed in manner therein appearing of those who held the paradox. "As for those," he says, "who imagine that there be many worlds, I have none other answer to make to them than this, to wit, that if they persevere in their heretical imaginations, I hope that down below they may be disabused of them!"

"Back
agin."

To return to him whose Life I am writing. If Nature had not made him great, so likewise had not Fortune. The bountiful blind woman had bestowed on him neither riches nor highe degrees of lordshippes. His father gave him no land; his mother's beauty was her wedding dower. But who that is wise, and understandeth these things, would

grieve therefor? For what is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to become spacious in the possession of dirt, and to heap up riches,—gold, dross, dust,—which he dare not say is his, and cannot tell who shall gather? “For som tym,” The Persone
log. again. says the persone again, “is a man a great lord by the morwe that is a caytif ere it be night. And it is still Fortune’s use to let the wretched man outlive his wealth. And whereas ye say that Fortune hath norissed you fro your childhode, I say,” quoth the persone, “that in so mochel ye shall the lesse truste in hire and in hire witte. For the more clear and the more shynyng that Fortune is, the more brutil and the sonner broketh she. So trusteth nought in hire, for she is nought stedfast ne stable; for when thou wonest or trewest to be most suer of hire help, sche wil fayle and deceyve the.” And albeit it should

not be so with you, and Fortune should shew herself more kind than is her wont, and she and you should hold friends to the end of the chapter, yet at the longest it is but only for a little while. For you bear your heavy riches but a journey, and Death unloads you. "And som tyme the riches of a man is cause of his death, and money bringeth many in shame and drede of his lyf. Whereas

The Wif.

The pore man, when he goth by the way,
Before the theves he may synge and play.

For povert is a possession that no wight wil challenge." Yet not on this negative side only is povert a good, a hateful good merely. It hath in it somewhat of good that is positive. For not only is it a spectacle through which you may your verrey frendes see, but also ful often when a man is lowe, it maketh him his God, and eke himself to knowe. And for a man to know himself, as this world

goes, is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand. And to know his God is what his God hath declared it to be.

“And highe God som tyme sende can
His grace unto a litel oxe stalle.”

So that povert and content may kiss each other, and be rich, and rich enough. Whilst content and riches seldom meet together ; forasmuch as commonly ever the more abundance a man hath of riches, the more he desireth. For enough, you know, is a little more than a man has. “Certes, then, who that prideth him in the goodes of Fortune, he is a ful gret foole.”

Here, however, shall be no old abusing of fortune ; no abstract and friarly contempt of riches. For fortune is to be honoured and respected, and it be but for her daughters, Confidence and Reputation, which Felicity breedeth ; the first

No scandal
about Dame
Fortune, I
hope.

A Chancellor
log.

within a man's self, the latter in others towards him. And a wise man, such as you are, Sir, would believe not much him that should despise riches, forasmuch as, you know, that they despise them that despair of them. And albeit in themselves they may deserve to be called no better than the baggage of virtue—*impedimenta*, as the Roman word is; for as the baggage is to an army so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared, but it hindereth the march. Yet riches, to go from the Chancellor to the persone, ben goode to hem that gete hem wel, and to hem that hem wel usen; that is to say, to them that gete hem withoute gret desir, by good leysir, sokyngly, and nought over hastily; withoute wrong or harme doyinge to any other persone; and that in getyng of riches, and in usynge of hem, always have thre thinges in their herte, oure Lord

The Person
again.

God, conscience, and good name. For, in truth, the possessor of riches is not happy in having, but in spending them, and not in spending them merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them properly. Meat, fire, and clothes may be bought with them for yourself; meat, clothes, and fire A Pope loquitur. may be bought with them for others, if only you will shake your superflux to them, and give hem parte that han gret neede. Unless, indeed, you are of those who hold it for a rule,

That every man in want is knave or fool.

'Tis in yourself to make your riches thus or thus to you, a blessing or a curse. Be it yours, then, O man of money-bags, to see to it that they be not the occasion of ill a brewing towards your rest; that molten coin be not your—something beginning with d.

For Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Alas ! poor
Monk.

And you that are monks—for among the readers of this Life which I am writing there will sure be some monks else—peradventure there should on the death of you any money be found in your possession, though it should be only thirty pence, you know, it will be sufficient as a sign of your d. !

Intuition
loquitur.

Satan, did I say ? Intuition and its teachings notwithstanding ? For it is one of the teachings of Intuition that, “take it how you will, shuffle as you may between God’s ‘permission’ and his ‘will,’ it remains that a God in whose universe there is a devil and a devil’s hell, is not a perfect God, or one whose power and will we may absolutely trust, and whose justice and goodness we may absolutely adore.” Which, being interpreted, on the principles of Intuition as I read

them and understand, is, that God *is* a perfect God, and one whose power and will we may absolutely trust, and whose justice and goodness we may absolutely adore. Argal, it remains Good news. that there is *not* in his universe a devil or a devil's hell. So let us eat and drink, and whatever else your hands find to do—ay, whatever else—do it with your might. What if to-morrow you die? do you not place absolute trust in God's will as Intuition *log.* still. well as his power, “to bring about at last that end of virtue for which He made you?” And, indeed, does not the acceptance of such a doctrine as the existence of a devil, and the attribution to him of such powers as excite our *fears*, involve a modified degree of the guilt of demonolatry? And to lay stress upon the belief in a personal devil, what is it—it is Intuition speaks—but by so doing to pay to another the homage due to God

alone? And, for a climax, when you find the precept of Christ, to fear Him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell, interpreted by one divine in one way, to wit, as a recommendation to fear the devil, and by another divine in another way, to wit, as an exhortation to fear God, how can you deny that the easiest way is to get rid of the difficulty by determining to fear neither, I had almost said, but, by refusing, says Intuition, to admit the existence of a "ghostly enemy" altogether? Though, indeed, what the one divine should be to you, or what the other; or what it should be to you how one divine interprets this precept or that, or how another interprets either, Intuition telleth not how to see. How you yourself interpret this precept or how that; that is the question, 'twould seem, unless, rather, what in truth it means. Moreover, "a true theist,"

Nothing
new.

quoth Intuition, “knows that his sins are all his own ;” and a true Christian, too, quoth one. “He reproaches not an imaginary devil,” says Intuition ; nor a Christian either, or I do mistake ; “but his own weakness, for their perpetration.” Some Christians also, methinks. But, as Mr. Rubrick reminds me, he that understands not thus much hath not his introduction, or first lesson, and has yet to begin the alphabet of this matter. So, to renounce the devil and all his works, and to come back to him whose Life I am writing, or rather to the riches we were talking upon. To the end <sup>A quatrain
in prose.</sup> forementioned you must get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and you shall leave contentedly. Leave ; ay, Sir, ’twas my word. For leave you must ; for you brought nothing into this world, and it is certain you can carry nothing out.

And now that unto them a son <sup>Name,
name !</sup>

was given, his father and mother whose Life I am writing had to fit him with a name. They found it no easy matter to light upon a fit one however. Not that they were ignorant where a commodity of good names was to be found. How should they be so ignorant with such a storehouse in that kind at their command as the Family Bible, to say nothing of the thousand and one other sources to which it would not be out of their reach to obtain access? Their perplexity and debate was of a quite other and more troublesome sort. It arose from the opposite quarter, and consisted in the very wele and abundance of the article they were in quest of; a wele and abundance so multitudinous, indeed, as that curiosity was fairly embarrassed in its endeavour to make choice in the midst of it. Thus from the same spring whence their wealth

flowed came their trouble also ; a morality, it may be, which will be found to obtain in other and weightier matters than the choice of a name. Albeit, from the birth of Cain, the first male child, to him that did but yesterday suspire, olde bookes maken us memorie of divers to whom this matter of the choice of a name has been anything but an unconsidered trifle. Why Cain himself was called Cain is it not written in that olde booke which makes memorie of no trifles? And which same olde booke tells of many another one, who was, as it words it, "so called" because of this or that there told of him. And he who had Xantippe to wife, and who had never read on that olde booke, thought it a not unworthy matter of a father's care to give his child a fitting name. The great master's great disciple, too, thought that a name might be a

thing of beauty. And they of the eternal city were not so un-romantic, but they had their proverb of this matter, *Bonum nomen bonum omen*, and acted on it too. Moreover, the Church (of England, I mean, Sir) was careful in old time, at one period of her history—in the days of one of the Edwards or Henrys, I forget which—to require her priests, and eke her bishops, to take order in this matter in the 'baptism of infants, specially of female infants. And the clown who lived by the Church (not of England) would that his sister had had no name, for a why which he will tell you if you will ask him. You will find him, with Viola and his tabor, in Olivia's garden. Mr. Shandy's *Onomantia* is known to every reader of his Life and Opinions. And, though last, not least, it has more than once hapt, on the theatre of human life, if its records lie not,

that the fell serjeant Death, that ^{Death's} snapper-up of unconsiderate triflers, ^{mistake.} has mistaken a man for his name-sake!

And now, in this second half of ^{The 19th} the nineteenth century of the Chris- ^{Century ;} tian æra, well eighteen hundred years and more since He, who after died for men, would not condemn ^{the first.} her who was taken in the very act, but simply bade her go and sin no more, they who have long in this land, by whatever means they may have come by it, had the solemnization of matrimony in their hands, albeit they no longer take order, I believe, in the matter of the naming of infants, have been able to persuade the Commons of England, in Parliament assembled, and eke her Peers, to allow them to make themselves rulers and judges over those who, having sinned after the similitude of that woman's transgression, have been

condemned therefor by accusers themselves not without sin ; and to refuse to solemnize matrimony between, of all others, those who most have need of it, whether to repair, as far as may be, the wrong that each has done the other, or that which both have done society ; and so, in effect, to bid them go and sin yet more.

A good thing
done.

A better left
undone.

Nevertheless, Lords and Commons of England, you have done a good thing, as 'tis thought of some ; howsoever, you might have done a better, as 'tis thought of others. For, from henceforth at least, you will not seem convened for purposes of empire less than to release the adulteress from her bond. And would you have adulteresses few and broken bonds far between, it might perchance help somewhat towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished, if you were to relieve those to whom you have

committed it, of the invidious power they were unfortunate enough, as there are who think, to ask and obtain at your hands, and—they say not, permit; that you have done already, but compel, ay, my Lords and gentlemen, compel, those to intermarry who have together forgotten that they had not power of their own bodies; and so, as far as lies in human laws to do it, put themselves each in the power of the other for the term of their natural lives. And many a man, belike, and woman too, would hesitate, and that long, before, and in the end perchance refrain altogether from, breaking the bonds that already severally bind them, if the consequence to themselves were to be that they were to be bounden together in another bond until death should them part.

And yet another law there is of marriage, Lords and Commons, which,

'tis likewise thought of some, you would do yet another good thing if you should reform it altogether. The law, that is, to wit, which to the marriage of two folk admits impediment, because, forsooth, one of them is sister unto her that was wife unto the other of them; but, rest her soul! she's dead. This law, 'tis said of those some, is or a law of God, or a law of man. If a law of God, they ask, "Where is it found?" And if they are told, as told belike they are, that it is found in "the law given by Moses," they make answer and say, "What is Moses to us, or we to Moses?" seeing they are not under the law given by him. And the law they are under, "the perfect law," they mean, "of liberty," does not, that they can find, forbid the banns. If then, again, the law which does forbid those two to marry be, as 'twould seem it is, a law of man, and not a law of God, they ask,

Forbidding
to marry.

Under which
law,
Bezonian?

those some, to be eased of a burden which it has not seemed good to their Lawgiver, nor to those "set under authority" by Him, "to lay on them" as a "necessary thing."

For sadde burdens that men taken,
Maken folkes shoulders aken.

And so, in their anxiety to light on a fit name for him whose Life I am writing, his father and mother were fain to call their son baby still. Or, as I remember to have been told by himself, his mother used, when that he was and a little tiny boy, to call him her imp. Imp, ^{Imp-ology and Ap-ology.} Madam, yes, I said her imp. Dost understand the word? Though to bring in an imp among ladies may seem to you to be well nigh as dreadful a thing as to Bottom the weaver it seemed to bring in a lion. Nevertheless, not without precedent and warrant good might his

mother whose Life I am writing call her son her imp. Have you not read how the fantastical Don Adriano de Armado did expostulate with the "dear imp" Moth, his page? Or how swaggering Pistol prayed the heavens to guard and keep that most royal imp of fame, King Hal, Falstaff's royal Hal? Of course you have; many a time and oft. You could not miss it. Mayhap, too, you shall have read of a certain other prayer, or exhortation thereunto, of one Bacon—not Francis, the great Lord Chancellor of learning as well as of law; nor Roger the Friar, otherwise Gunpowder Roger; but Bacon, I mean, or Becon; for, as in the case of Sancho Panza, history sometimes, I believe, calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other, of those surnames,—whose christened name was Thomas, and who was one of the successors of the Apostles. By the

bye, Sir, did ever it strike you as noteworthy in any wise, that whereas no one, I believe, makes the number of the Apostles to have been more than some fifteen or so, we make, in this our highly-favoured England alone, as many successors of those fifteen (or so) as we will? Well, may A fair wish. all the successors of those fifteen or so prove followers of them, pray I. And who,—Bacon, I mean, not the Apostles or either of them—in a tractate of his, intituled, ‘The Pathway unto Prayer,’ saith on this wise: “Let us pray for the preservation of the King’s most excellent Majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son Edward, our Prince, that most angelic imp?” Whether or not, however, you will doubtless have heard of the good town of Warwick, nigh whereunto Warwick, the ancient castle of Warwick has its pleasant seat; that same within whose

rude ribs dwelt in olden time the king-maker, Earl of Warwick. Be-like, indeed, you have been in Warwick, either the county or the town, or both maybe ; having, perhaps, in Warwickshire true-hearted friends, as he had whose Life I am writing. Albeit, it is but three short centuries ago that, not friends alone, but dwellers in the town of Warwick, would seem to have been as few, or at least as hard to find, as erst were righteous men in Sodom. For that most high and mighty princess, Elizabeth Tudor, otherwise called, somewhat irreverently perhaps, Queen Bess, on the occasion of a visit she honoured the town with in one of those progresses she delighted to go, is reported to have asked concerning it, Where are the inhabitants? Inhabitants or none, however, in the town of Warwick, a church is found, as many churches there be ; but one in

especial, dedicate to St. Mary. Who she was his Holiness the Pope may be able to tell you, or perhaps the bishop *in partibus*. I cannot ; unless, indeed, she was that Mary whose image in the church at Spire, on a time when St. Bernard—the same who killed flies by excommunicating ^{How to kill flies,} them—so another saint, who would fain have made a hermitage of the county Somerset, is recorded to have killed a mouse by cursing it, because ^{and mice,} it had gnawn his cap ; and a third, a bishop he, to have killed a dragon by ^{and dragons.} spitting in his mouth—that being, suppose, though this the history sayeth not, his way of *ex*-communication—and eight yoke of oxen could hardly drag the body to be burnt—who—St. Bernard, you understand—thought it indecent for a monk to snore ; who had to repent that he had injured his health by too much abstinence ;—why did he not do as did

A fasting
monk,

and a fast
abbot.

Are there
few that be
saved?

that other monk of whom History Ecclesiastical makes mention, who fasted thrice a week till he was elected abbot, and being asked why he then left off fasting, made answer that before his promotion "*il faisoit la vigile de la Feste où il estoit ;*"—who—Bernard again, not the non-fasting abbot—Luther thought was the best monk; whom I love, said Martin, above all the rest; and who was one of the only two, out of thirty thousand persons that died in one hour, who alone went to Heaven, three going to Purgatory, "*cæteri omnes per sententiam justi judicii condemnati ad infernum perpetuo cruciandi descenderunt ;*" had just read—grammar! *quantum distat*, what a long way that verb is off from its nominative case! As far off, almost, as Lindley Murray was from being a grammarian. But, will you only look back far enough, you shall see that

the nominative case to that verb is “St. Bernard.” And if a saint is not a good nominative case to a verb then is my devotion at fault, as well as my grammar. St. Bernard, I say, had just read there—in the church of St. Mary, you wot—these words aloud under the said image, “*O clemens, O dulcis, O pia Mater Maria,*” and in reply she said, “*Salve, Bernarde,*” and was thereupon reminded by the saint, “*præstigias dæmonis suspicans,*” as saith the most veracious history, that Paul had forbidden women to speak in churches. Well, to that church in the town of Warwick dedicate to St. Mary, there is a chapel belonging or appertaining, hight the Beauchamp chapel, of some; of others, the Lady’s Chapel. And in that chapel is an altar-tomb, and effigy thereon. And on that tomb is an inscription. And this is how beginneth the inscription on that altar-tomb

More imps.

in the Lady's or Beauchamp Chapel to the church in Warwick dedicate to St. Mary belonging or appertaining:—"Here resteth the bodye of the noble impe," &c. And if you object that these are precedents fetcht from the antiquary times, take these following modern instances of this wise saw. "Whose imp art thou with dimpled cheeks?" which, peradventure, you may be able to tell me where I have read it, for it cometh not now to my memorie. And the poet of Memory, in one of his opuscles, calls the children of a gipsy imps. The Minstrel Boy, too, as you remember, "cared not to mingle in the clamorous fray of squabbling imps." Said I not rightly, then, that not without precedent and warrant good might his mother whose Life I am writing call her son her imp? Though indeed what need of precedent to warrant his mother,

or anybody else's, yours, Sir, or mine, to call her son just what she please? And so she did, when once she had pleased herself therein. One name was objected to, however, on this account, another on that, and a third on another. They even rejected that best possible name for an infant, Hushim. While many an excellent good name was rejected because that there was none of his parent's kindred that was called thereby. The consideration involved in this last circumstance, however, at length decided the matter, as it should seem, for there must be conclusions, and so, in the end, after having tried and found wanting more names than enough for all who want names from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary until time and names alike shall be no more "atte funtstone" they him call after the name of his father.

Of God-
fathers and
Godmothers.

Who gave him this name, whether his father and mother, or his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism, I say not. Godfathers and godmothers, however, suppose he had, or of either kind one, at the least; inasmuch as it is a custom of the Church Catholic, that at the baptizing of infants there be godfathers and godmothers. And it is lawful, I believe, to take as many godfathers and godmothers as you will; the more the better some, mayhap, may think, if only they have got anything more to give their godchildren than a name. And every godfather can give a name, they say. And why not every father, may not we ask? And peradventure the one could as well promise and vow in the name of the named one as the other, if only that tyrant Custom would let him, or the Church, or common sense. And this custom is still of use in the

Church of England, and although much of the reason for which they were first introduced is ceased, and the case altered, yet, saith a bishop of the Church of England, it is enough to every man that is a subject, that it is the custom. And there is a rule of conscience for any who is content to have his conscience so ruled, and to believe that parentale is in two maneres; eyther gostly or fleshly; and that, right so as he that engendreth a child is his fleshly father, right so is his godfather his father spiritual. Others, indeed, may think this is nothing more nor better than a persone's tale. Certes, the Boke, for aught that ever I could read, saith nought of it. And if, as saith another bishop, an arch one he, the duty of godfathers and godmothers for the most part signifies very little more than a pious and charitable care and concernment for

A rule of
conscience.

A persone's
tale.

An arch-
bishop's.

them, because the children for whom they are sureties are seldom under their power; might it not be as well to leave this pious and charitable care and concernment for them the duty of those under whose power the children are? But

It stant not in my suffisanse
 So greate thinges to compass:
 But I mote lette it ouerpasse,
 And treaten upon other thinges.

And so have I you declared what he whose Life I am writing hight.

Blessed are
 they that ex-
 pect nothing;
 for they shall
 not be dis-
 appointed.

And now wolde som men wyten, as I guesse, that I shoulde tellen all the joye and th'array that at that fest was made that ilke day that he whose Life I am writing was christened.—That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; christened is a vile phrase; and after such a pagan cut, too, that nothing but that monster Custom can give it excuse.—I beseech you, however, think it not my negligence that I do

not care to answer your hopes herein. Not that there nas feste ne joye at al; on the contrary, his father whose Life I am writing did that day feast his best-esteemed acquaintance, and did that in him lay to make them as merry as good company, good wine, and good welcome can make good people. But what have I to write of these deeds? Me lust not of the chaff ne of the stre make so long a tale as of the corn. What should I tellen of the jollity of this fest, or which course goth beforne? Lo, this declarynge might enough suffise. They ete, and drink, and dance, and singe, and playe, till the tyme cam that resoun was to ryse. And ther they alle take leave, eche of other, wyth fayr and courteys wordes. And therwyth they departed, and eche of them wente to theyr owne home. And so they "christened" him whose Life I am writing.

The Author,
loquitur,

And now, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Misses and Masters all, you for whom this Life which I am writing is wrote; you have read, or might, or could, and should have read,—for I, as I promised, after my undresst, unpolisht, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—a fashion, nathless, which you, my dear Madam, will, I know, confirm; I see it in your face;—I, I say, have related the story of the birth of him whose Life I am writing. Here I pause awhile. Nature may dread an instant's pause, and live but while she moves. But, Human Nature, quoth the pauser Reason, rest thou awhile. And truly our journey requires not such haste as that it cannot have a short tarrying. I confess, indeed, that I make this pause at this present, not so much in regard of wearisomeness, as out of care lest

I should seem to be over tedious unto you. For this Life which I am writing is a task, the business whereof, whiles it doth so exercise as not to weary me, so I could have it so entertain as not to cloy you. Therefore, in the whole of this Life which I am writing I am careful, and shall be, as not to hurry over my part thoughtlessly, so not to lengthen it wearisomely. But 'tis not denied but that labours and cares may have their relaxes and recreations, even though they be pleasant cares and labours of love. And it is quotes a ploughman's saw, a wise saw, that of the old Ploughman, and applicable alike to the feast of reason and the friendly bowl,

Let not Sir Surfeit sitten at thy board.

Moreover, this pause which here I make, is only to prepare me for the writing, and you for the reading, of the rest of this Life which

a Spectator's,

and a Pope's,

I am writing "I must now take some time," said he who was the biographer of Sir Roger de Coverley,—after he had left off to be a Guardian,—"*pour me delasser*, and lay in fuel for a future work." And what Addison did, you know, a Pope says, cannot be wrong. And you are not to begin to say within yourselves, He means to leave untold the story of the life of him whose Life he is writing. I mean not any such thing. I have said above, I shall relate not alone the story of his birth whose Life I am writing, and the manner of his death; but many things of worthy memory that fell in the between. I say now, I shall relate, not alone the story of his birth, and the manner of his death, but also all the remenaunt of his pilgrimage. After my own fashion, indeed, and in what you may, if you please, think most admired disorder.

And this remenaunt you shall have, when I shall think proper to give it you. Therein shall you read—what I shall think proper to write therein. Therein I shall write—nothing but what shall be proper for you to read. Season, then, your admiration for awhile, Miss Curiosity. For were I to tell you what I do not mean to write therein, I might say less than I did intend; and were I to tell you what I do mean to write therein; I might say more than it is proper for you to know. Suffice it that I certify you that this is not the Final Memorials of him whose Life I am writing; and that you shall see anon, and in good time, what I will do with it.

and gives advice to a young lady.

If you say to me, some or one of you, as say of course you may; even as one in very deed did say to me, *totidem verbis*, almost, in so many words, to whom I shewed this Life

The Author holds a conversation with the reader,

refers to one
with an old
friend,

which I am writing, and read it, while it was still in MS. only, and as yet had not been pressed into your service; my well acquainted friend he, from almost youth up until now; by whom in such matters I might be well content to be judgment, having so swift and excellent a wit as he is prized (by me) to have; —if, I say, you should say to me, Master Biographer, there is not much, it seemeth us, in this Life which you are writing that bears the name of Life; I might say to you in return, what in return I said to him my friend: Why, right; you are in the right; there is not much in this Life which I am writing that bears the name of Life. For this Life which I am writing, you will remember, as yet has not attained farther than only to the christening of him whose Life I am writing. And in the Life of a man that has

not attained farther than only to the christening of him, how, I pray you, shall there be much in it that bears the name of Life? Nevertheless, and without admitting, what, be sure, I do not admit, that my wit was diseased when so I made answer to him my friend, I now do think I might have made him a more wholesome answer. I might have said to him, as now to you I say, That depends,—whether, namely, there is much in this Life which I am writing that bears the name of Life,—on how you understand Life, and in what sense take it. For Life, as it is understood and taken of some of those who have it, is, is,—Here is quotes old authors, one asks, Do not our lives consist of the four elements? And another here who answers, Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. One, he, sure, of the race of which it is

written, *Queis aliud non est vivere quam bibere*, To whom life nothing other than drinking may be. Who, further, might make that of Horatius his own,—

*Si, bene qui cœnat, bene vivit, lucet, camus
Quo ducit gula.*

If he lives well who feasts well, let us go
There where our appetites and daylight show.

Let us eat and drink, though to-morrow we die. Now, whether he who askt were in the right, or he who answered, in either case I acknowledge and confess, admit and deny not, that there is not much in this Life which I am writing that bears the name of Life. For here in this Life which I am writing we have no eating almost, and drinking almost none. Albeit, what hinders that I should not in this behalf take up the Frenchman's saying, and say, "*Il s'y trouve à boire et à manger pour tout le*

monde:" Eating and drinking here for whoso will? And what marvel though there should be eating and drinking both in this Life which I am writing? As, indeed, methinks, I hear one ask, How there shall be life, and not be either eating or drinking? And I do remember to have read, years ago, of a certain temple, "*en la face du quel estoyt, en lettres ionicques d'or tres pur, escripte cette sentence, EN OINO ALETHIA. C'est à dire, En vin verité*;" on the front of which was wrote, in Ionic letters of purest gold, this sentence, *En oino alethia*; that is to say, In wine is truth. And the priestess who served that temple held and taught that "*non rive, ains* pays a visit to an old Temple, *boyre est le propre de l'homme*;" not laughter, so much as drinking, is the property of man. She said not, to drink simply; for so the beasts do drink, and well enough. But she takes a glass of old wine,

quotes old
sayings,

said, to drink good wine and pure. And what monk is he, or ever was, since first this monkish world did monachise with monkery, and did not hold that monkish apophthegm, that never any good men and true did hate good wine? And good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. And One there was, and is, a friend the same of publicans and sinners, and did eat with them, who came eating and drinking. And albeit he, who came to prepare that One's way before Him, came neither eating nor drinking,—and did it never strike you, Sir, that difference in the way of the coming of that One and his foregoer?—yet what should hinder that that One's disciples should not also eat and drink as their Master did, if so be it be indeed enough for the disciple that he be as his Master? What marvel, then, I say, though there should be

eating and drinking both in this Life which I am writing? But, not now. To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. And the time of eating and drinking in this Life which I am writing, is not yet. And for the four elements, what man is he that hath life, or what woman either, and will say Aye to the question of him who so askt as above, and affirm that our lives do consist of the four elements; and will not rather take up, with a difference sure, and put that other question told to have been some time put, no matter when, by a false thief, a sompnour, to the gay yeman he say bifore him ryde, oones on a day, under a forest syde, to wit, Yit tel me, quod the sompnour, faithfully—

and asks the reader to wait a little longer.

Elementary knowledge.

Make ye yow newe bodies alway
Of elements?

One, indeed, in a certain place saith,

the elements be those original things, unmixt and uncompounded, of whose temperance and mixture all other things, having corporall substance, be compacte: of them be four, that is to say, earth, water, air, and fire. And another singeth as concerning the elements in another place, that each is meant the minister of man to serve his wants. And does not the History of the Inductive Sciences tell how that the doctrine of the four elements is one of the oldest monuments of man's speculative nature; goes back, perhaps, to times anterior to Greek philosophy; and, as the doctrine of Aristotle and Galen, reigned for fifteen hundred years over the Gentile, Christian, and Mahomedan world? How in medicine, taught as the doctrine of the four "elementary qualities," of which the human body and all other substances are compounded, it had a

very powerful and extensive influence upon medical practice? And whosoever will, let him say, or sing, that where these are not, these elements, no life is there; no outward life and visible, no physical, animal life. Yet other elements, I trow, than these, do mix in him whom Nature might stand up and say, This is a man. Else Nature might as wisely and as well stand up and say, This is a dog, a cat, a mouse, a rat. For these have life vouchsafed to them, and every beast, with man alike; the life in which those elements do mix, those four. A truth of old well seen by one,—on earth men called him Stagyrte,—who, when he found it, as his manner was, made a note of it. As you may see it to this day in that tractate of his inscribed with the name of his son, hight Nicomachus, and which is about Ethics, in the first book of the said tractate, chap-

ter,—but I forget the chapter. It is there, however, for I can assure you I've seen it in print. And of him, the Stagyrite, I mean, I make here this note, as concerning the matter that now's in hand, namely, that he

Two tongues. wrote in a tongue,—one called it once the unrivalled tongue,—which, therein richer than this our English, having, as one says it had, not alone “words like pictures,” but also “words like the gossamer film of the summer,” could difference in name these two so differing things in nature as the life of man and the life of all things else that have life. And in that tongue they call this latter ζωη (zoë, Madam, two syllables,) and βίος (bios) that. And so it came to pass, as most like it was, that, from that richer tongue borrowing, this our English became of capacity in her degree to make as not unlike distinguishing. And so we call it

Zoography, to write of the life of all things else that have life; to write the life of man, we call it Biography.

But now if the life of animals be Talkst thou to me of ifs? one, the life of man another; if this our life do not consist of eating and drinking, and not of the four elements; and neither he who so askt as above were in the right, nor he that answered so; if life be worthy, to be otherwise understood and taken of those who have it than it was of them twain understood and taken; why then, albeit this Life which I am writing as yet has not attained farther than only to the christening of him whose Life I am writing, it may well enough be that there is nevertheless not a little, that there is even much, in this Life which I am writing that bears the name of life. For, what is life? A momentous question. 'This our life? The life we human

mortals live? Your life, Sir, and mine, Madam? Your answer to that. For I will even be judgment by you. But I cry your pardons. I fear I have forgettingly demanded of you here, what here in this Life which I am writing I only am alone the one to do. For here in this Life which I am writing you are but listeners all, dumb listeners merely, and I the only talker. Wherefore if I will be asking questions, I must needs be answering them too, and not looking to you to do so. And truly you shall not need. For unto each question which here in this Life which I am writing I shall ask, I profess intendment in this Life which I am writing to make answer thereunto. Who questions, indeed, but there is an alternative in the thing, that I might ask my questions, and then hold my peace?

But it is a thing which upon deliberation I have resolved not to do, but, as hath been said, I shall answer all questions I shall ask, and, amongst others, this question, namely, What is life? Not, however, for that I suppose there is among all you readers of this Life which I am writing . . . as many as you are, and of course you are many; so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sands which are by the sea-shore innumerable; one who wants, needs, requires, to have the question answered, man or woman, there is, sure, no such man; it is impossible, nor woman neither;—an instance this, by the way, that I do not think you defective in your understandings. Nor for that I mean to set down here all the several answers that from time to time have been given, by one and another, to the question, What is life? But

An interrup-
tion.

I shall answer the question,—for divers good causes and considerations me thereunto moving.—That's Mr. Doe, again, that phrase, it is; the words are none of mine. As oftentimes before since first I took my pen in hand to write this Life which I am writing, so now, on the day, alack! the day, when I had gotten to this part which now we are in of this Life which I am writing he (Mr. D.) chanced to look in upon me; and overglancing my script, there where it had as yet not gone farther than that word “for,”—“for,” he read; and, rolling out *ore rotundo*, with big round voice, “divers good causes and considerations;” set you down that, he said; and if anybody asks you the reason why you did so, say,—“for divers good causes and considerations,” said I, interrupting him, and in his own words. “Or,” said he, continuing, “for that

Another.

other reason you wot of, the last reason, and prettiest, of the five pretty reasons of which it is one, if five they be, as five I think they are, somewhere given,—I mind not where,—by some one,—I wot not whom,—a Dean of Logic, as I do think,—and, Dean or other, he did but do into English, I believe, what some one before him had done in Latin—some thirsty soul, by way of excuse for the glass,—

Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we should be by and bye,
Or any other reason why."

A strong
man.

Truly a pretty reason, said I. If it is not as deep as a well, it is sure as wide as any church door; not excepting that wide one of the United Church of England and Ireland. And 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Nevertheless, set you down the first reason, said Mr. D. So I set it down, Sir, as you see. And now to give

A soft
answer.

you the answer, for the giving of which I have thus given you a reason. And here I shall not shun to declare unto you how that I have found it easier far to ask this question than I find to answer it. Insomuch so, indeed, as that it is happened unto me according to the old tale of the ancient sage philosopher at whom 'tis told his sovereign askt the question, What is God? And ever the more I do consider this question I myself here now have askt me, What is life? I ever would consider it the more; and ponder well; for 'tis no jest. So may I hope the better to be able, or rather say, to be the less unfitted, to make answer thereunto, and to say what is that thing called life, which you and I enjoy. And not you and I only; but also the millions of human creatures that walk the earth, and have life. But, marry, when? when may I hope to answer,

and say, what is life? Shall't be to-day? No, not to-day. To-morrow? Well, that's sudden. Then, marry, when? For, to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow — Madam, I know it. What man is he that hath life, and knows it not? But may it not be that not until he be come to the last syllable of his accorded time, or hard upon, may any be so bold to think him meet to say, categorically, or otherwise at all to say than after a scattering and unsure manner, what is life? 'Tis the sunset of life,—'tis a wizzard that speaks, a A wizzard's warning. wizzard of song,—

'Tis the sunset of life gives mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

And events that are passing,—'tis no wizzard speaks now,—events that are past, shall no shadow by these at life's sunset be cast? Answer he the maker who was called, and mo-

del, of melodious verse, Waller the
Smooth,—

A Waller's
wail.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made ;

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
view

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Which if it be true, so mote I then,
so would I, — mote I not?—leave
saying what is Life, until when that
—fill up the time for yourselves, my
fellow-humans. It shall do you no
harm, so to do. They are wise, you
know, 'tis said, that consider their

Wisdom for a
man's self.

latter end. And having that done,
do also this; namely, patient your-
self, and pardon me if I take time to
consider what answer I shall give to
the question I have askt, "What is
life," until, when that—next we
meet again in this Life which I am
writing.

And marvel not that thus I hold Look on this picture,
 you in delay in this. The very philosophers are full of most excellent differences herein. One, a philosopher, and Friend, says, or sings, in words which, first heard in "Youth," are not forgot in "Age," how that "life is but thought." And here and on this.
 another comes, after long years, and, in the Survey he takes of the Life and Work of the Man he invites us to behold, with new graces of his own disturbs the "ancient" notes of that Friendly singer, and puts distinction between life and thought. "Socrates," our Surveyor tells us, "holds his place in history by his thoughts, and not by his life ; Christ, by his life, and not by his thoughts."

Who shall decide when thus do disagree
 Such sound philosophers as he and he ?

If you say to me, Master Biogra- Imitation.
 pher, it seems to me that you have

not told us much that we did not know before. I may say to you in reply, That is not so much my fault as my misfortune. For rather, sure, may I bewail my misfortune in falling in with readers who know already so much as that I cannot tell them much that they did not know already, than you find fault with me for not knowing more than do you yourselves. For to find fault with me for not knowing more than do you yourselves, is simply to publish and make known how little yourselves know; do you see that, Master Clever? Insomuch as it is, of course, not for knowing much that you find fault with me, but for not knowing more. And be it that the charge you bring against me is true, and well-founded, yet wherein have I offended, or whom? For I have not undertaken to tell you much that you did not know before, or

anything. I undertook only to write this Life which I am writing. Howbeit, that this, or something to be told therein, was something that you did not know before, one of the things not generally known, you yourselves are my witnesses. For the very first question you askt me, and that anon after our first setting out on our journey of this Life which I am writing, was it not, Who was he whose Life I purposed to write? Out of your own mouths, then, might I judge you, you see. But I prefer, and shall content myself with, suggesting to you that you should not judge me, at least not before the time. And the time to judge me will be when, when, O when, I shall have done that which I have undertaken to do, and shall have written the Life of him whose Life I am writing. If trembling I inhabit then, protest me but—the

writer of the Life of him whose Life I am writing.

Farewell.

Lights,
lights, lights!

A light-
fingered
saint.

And so, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Misses and Masters all, farewell awhile. The days are getting shorter than they were; and I never write this Life which I am writing if I can help it, by candle-light, oil-light, gas-light, moon-light, or star-light, or any other light soever, natural or artificial, but day-light. If, indeed, I could write in my sleep, like one who is recorded to have composed poems in that state; or, were I one of the light-fingered gentry, and able to write by the light of my own fingers, as Ecclesiastical History (?) tells of St. Somebody that he could write by the light of his fingers; then might I, as the case might be, either dispense with all light whatever, whether candle, oil, gas, moon, star, day, or other light, if other light there be; or want

no other light than the light that should be in me ; that is, in my fingers. But seeing that I come not within either the one of these categories or the other of them, or, indeed, within any category enabling me to see without light ; being neither Emperor, Cardinal, nor Cat, These three.—the three only animals that ever I could read, could ever hear by tale or history, were ever held to be capacity of so doing,—and forasmuch as I cannot, as cats are said to do (suppose because they eat lights) see best in the dark ; nor I have not any cat whom I may entreat to assist me, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes, to write this Life which I am writing thereby ;—which if I had, it might, methinks, be set down as a Curiosity of Cat-erature ; therefore I must needs have *some* light to write this Life which I am writing by. Now, candle-light

Why cats see best in the dark.

Pun-ic.

is dim and not religious, let whoso will say what he may, Papist or Protestant, or the half-and-half Puseyite. And besides, who may write by the base and unlustrous, smoky light, that's fed with stinking tallow? Elia, indeed, might care not for those glorious lampes aloofe, give him a tallow-light; bycause, it may be, of the affinity has so long been 'twixt full-grown Lamb, otherwise yclept mutton, and tallow. But for me, I am not fond to know of the brief candle before me, that the poor sheep about him bore that very tallow long before. Oil-light has a very oily and fish-like smell. Gas-light gives me head-ache, and eye-ache, and stomach-ache, and well nigh every ache that flesh is heir to. The conscious moon, —so at least I am told by a poet who once was Young, but Young is now no more,—through every distant age has held her lamp to wisdom. And

in what has now, alas ! become the distant age of my youth, those ancient and most quiet watchmen, who bore a lanthorn, and whom the Tamworth Baronet repealed, would ever and anon, as I remember, proclaim a moon-light night, or a star-light. And moon-light nights and star-light, I am given on irrefragable authority to understand, are still occasionally to be seen in this climate, nay, even in that place of sin and sea-coal, London ; albeit there are A famous town. no longer any watchmen with lanthorns to make them known. But wisdom, methinks, would shew herself more richer in reading by the light of that lamp of moon, the book of Nature, as far as may be, than in writing thereby this Life which I am writing . . . or any other Life, or book, soever. And the light of all the stelled fires wherewith the floor of Heaven is thick inlaid, is ineffec-

tual, whether for writing, or reading, or whatever else, in comparison of the gay beams of lightsome day. But these cannot I now command to any farther present utterance of this Life which I am writing. And so, without more circumstance at all, needs must that we shake hands and part, awhile ; I, as my business, you, as your desire shall point you. For every man hath business, such as it is, or should have, if, at least, it be true that Solomon saith, "That he hath is ydil, and casteth him to no busynesse ne occupacioun, schal falle into povert, and deye for hunger." And the same Solomon saith, "That ydilnesse teachith a man to do many yveles." Nay, the man whose name was The Tatler speaks of the great number of persons who have perisht by a distemper (commonly known by the name of Idleness) which, says he, has long raged in the world, and

A king as
interpreted
by a persone.

A distemper.

destroys more than the plague. And an idle man, quoth your Guardian, is a kind of monster in the creation. A monster.

And for desire, who is there has not felt it? And your most desire, Miss Curiosity,—for I can interpret between you and your thoughts, without seeing the puppets dancing,—your most desire, at this present, is, to know what is my business, that it needs must come so unmannerly betwixt this Life which I am writing and you. Well, for my business,—but you'll be secret? And so will I. How to keep a secret. For, what my business is, is not that, I pray you, my business?

And so, Ladies and Gentlemen, good-bye. As above I have said, or hinted, I have an exposition of rest come upon me. And yet I am right loath to go. For, when shall we three meet again? You, Miss, The witches' question. whose Life I am writing, and I. But go I must. And better, perhaps, I

go at once. For the oftener I take
leave, the more loath I am to depart.
And there must be conclusions.

So let us sing, Long live the Queen,
And,—yes, Miss,—long live he ;
And when he next is to be seen,
Mind you are there to see.











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